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HUMAN LIFE GROWS LONGER YEARLY, SAYS NOTED DOCTOR

The convention of the Tri-State Medical association, which was held in Toledo last week, brought to the city several of the most famous surgeons in America—men whose reputations are international and who are better known to the physicians and surgeons of Europe than they are to the medical men of their own country.

Among these are Dr. Joseph Price, the world-famous abdominal surgeon of Philadelphia, and a man who ranks with Dr. Murphy, of Chicago, and the Mayos, of Rochester, Minn. Dr. Price made his reputation at Jefferson college and at the University of Pennsylvania, but he is now operating in a private hospital in the Quaker City. He was a pioneer and innovator almost from the beginning of his career and introduced many of the methods that are now in common use throughout the world.

Another famous surgeon is Dr. Victor C. Vaughan, dean of the medical school in the University of Michigan. Dr. Vaughan is a famous scientist and has a world-wide reputation as a bacteriologist. He is a fluent talker, as is also Dr. Price, and while the two men were in Toledo they were constantly surrounded by physicians and surgeons attending the convention.

"What has science done for the human race?" replied Dr. Vaughan, at the Boody last night. "It has done marvels. In the seventeenth century the mortality rate in the city of London, so far as it can be ascertained, was not less than 70 per thousand, and during a part of that time it was as high as 80. During the next century it fell to about 50, but fluctuated largely with recurring epidemics. In the nineteenth century it gradually fell, and now it is 14.3.

"The rapid fall in the death rate during the past 100 years would not have been possible had not the discovery of vaccination for small-pox been made. Improved sanitation has also been an important factor in increasing longevity. The introduction of wholesome water and the proper disposal of sewage and other forms of filth have decreased the prevalence of typhoid, and the recognition of the cause of typhus has enabled civilized man to practically strike this disease from the list of ills that afflict mankind.

Ancestors Indifferent.

"It is impossible for us fully to realize the extent to which epidemics once swept over large citites and we are amazed at the indifference with which our ancestors regarded the high death rate. Soon after the introduction of inoculation for small-pox, a writer in the London World, in 1755, stated that prior to the introduction of this method of dealing with small-pox, London, thanks to the ravages of the disease, was then 'tolerably roomy;' people preferred to stay at home in the provinces rather than go to London and catch the disease, but he adds that the danger has disappeared and London is most inconveniently crowded.

"This is an illustration of the heartless way in which our ancestors of less than 200 years ago regarded the ravages of epidemics. In like manner our descendants will be appalled at our seeming indifference to the prevalence of such diseases as typhoid and tuberculosis, and the historian of the future will have no difficulty in convincing his readers that we who lived in the beginning of the twentieth century were, in many respects, not far removed from barbarians, as he tells how 50,000 of us died annually of typhoid and about four times that number of tuberculosis; both diseases that we know how to cure and eradicate, but that we failed to do this because of our indifference or on account of our eagerness in the pursuit of riches.

"It seems to me that the future of the race is to be determined largely by the activity of the present. Man's salvation lies in his own hands. He has advanced to a degree of intelligence which, if properly employed, enables him to lift himself to a higher plane of life from which future generations may climb to more lofty peaks of human endeavor and approach more nearly the promised land of human perfection.

"It may not be given to us to solve the riddle of the universe, but this need not deter us from doing the duty that lies so plainly before us, and the highest duty and the most exalted privilege that comes to man is to labor for the uplift of his race.

"Men are mortal, but man is immortal. The individual lives at best but a span, but the race continues. Numberless finites make up the infinite, and yet the soundness of the part determines the perfection of the whole.

Man First an Animal.

"Man is first of all an animal, and the first step in his betterment is the improvement of the physical man. No philosophy that ignores this fundamental principle can be sound. No religion that neglects man's physical condition and his material environment can endure. No government that fails to protect its citizens against disease can long continue.

"When we consider that in this country there are annually not less than one-half million cases of typhoid fever; that nearly 200,000 die each year from tuberculosis; that every hunchback and every one lame from hipjoint disease owes his infirmity to infection; that more than one-fourth of the children born in the civilized world die before they reach five years of age, we need no further argument that man's physical state is far from ideal.

"Under modern scientific systems of treatment and sanitation, life can be prolonged, disease can be made to decrease, our insane asylums could become less crowded and the race could be placed far on the way to the development of the superman.

"It must not be understood that the evolution of the superman is the special function or duty of any profession or of any class. This can be accomplished only by the combined effort of all intelligent men and women. We may not solve the riddle of the universe; we cannot tell from whence we came nor why we are here, nor can we name the country toward which we travel. Indeed, we are by no means sure that as individuals we are to have any other than the present ephemeral existence, but we do know that our deeds are immortal and that each of us, be his social position high or low, influences to some small extent, either for good or ill, the generations that are to follow."

Germany in the Lead.

Dr. Price, who has visited Europe a number of times and who is intimately acquainted with all the great surgeons of the world, says that Germany leads Europe in the development of aseptic surgery. England, he says, is far behind both Germany, France and Austria, both in skilful operations and in the employment of the most advanced methods.

Another of the "big" men at the convention was Dr. C. B. G. DeNancrede, professor of surgery in the University of Michigan. Dr. DeNancrede went to Ann Arbor from the University of Pennsylvania, and at one time had Dr. Price as a pupil in his class.

"We have 380 students taking the medical course at Ann Arbor," said Dr. DeNancrede, "but we expect a falling off next year, as we intend to add two years to the course. There is a large number of women taking the medical course at the university, and among them are two Chinese women."

FOURTEEN CENTS FOR PARSON

Fee of New Jersey Bridal Couple Who Broke His Slumbers.

New York Times.

"Won't you come down long enough to marry us?" came a voice from the darkness when the Rev. James E. Adams, the Methodist Episcopal minister at Mauricetown, poked his head out of a second-story window soon after midnight, in answer to a knock on the front door of the parsonage.

"Come around tomorrow. It's too late to marry you tonight," replied the parson.

"No, we are in a hurry, and have driven all the way from Millville to get you to perform the ceremany," said John H. Brandriff, son of Ephraim Brandriff, a Millville merchant, who had rapped at the door.

"Wait a minute," said the dominie.

He was soon dressed, and performed the ceremony, with his wife and daughter as witnesses. Before the happy couple drove away they handed the Rev. Mr. Adams a pink envelope, which felt through the paper as if it contained a banknote. The minister says he found inside a piece of heavy paper containing 14 cents, and on the paper was written: "This is all we can spare now. Will see you later."

The minister has framed the paper and coins, and it adorns the wall of his study. He has added the date and the names of the contracting parties.

Query.

A little lad there chanced to be
In a poetic family,
Who learned to call the wind the wind,
So as to rhyme with "mind" and kind,"
And who on one extremely calm
And stirless, drowsy day of balm,
When no leaf waved or fluttered sound,
Asked "Father, is the wind unwound?"
—Kansas City Times.

The Wild Geese

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

And begin he did. The others, after looking expectantly at the door—for none dared treat Flavia as her brother treated her—and after Asgill had said something about waiting for her, fell to also, one by one. Presently the younger of the slipshod footboys let fall a dish and was cursed for awkwardness. Where was Darby? He also had vanished.

The claret began to go round. Still, neither Flavia nor the butler returned. By and by the Colonel—who felt that a cloud hung over the board as over his own spirits—saw, or fancied that he saw, an odd thing. The door—that which led to the back of the house—opened, as if the draught moved it; it remained open a space, then in a silent, ghostly fashion, it fell to again The Colonel laid down his knife, and Uncle Ulick, whose eyes had followed his, crossed himself. "That's not lucky," the big man said. "The saints send it's not the white horse of the O'Donoghues has whisked her off!"

"Don't be for saying such unchancy things, Mr. Sullivan!" Phelim answered, with a shiver. "What was it, at all, at all?"

"The door opened without a hand," Uncle Ulick explained. "I'm fearing there's something amiss."

"Not with this salmon," James McMurrough struck in contemptuously.

Uncle Ulick made no reply, and a moment later Darby entered, slid round the table to Uncle Ulick's side, and touched his shoulder. Whether he whispered a word or not Colonel John did not observe, but forthwith the big man rose and went out.

This time it was James McMurrough who laid down his knife. "What in the name of the Evil One is it?" he cried, in a temper. "Can't a man eat his meat in peace, but all the world must be tramping the floor?"

"Oh, whisht! whisht!" Darby muttered, in a peculiar tone.

James leaped up. He was too angry to take a hint. "You old fool!" he cried, heedless of Asgill's hand, which was plucking at his skirts. "What is it? What do you mean with your 'whishts' and your nods? What——"

But the old butler had turned his back on his master, and gone out in a panic. Fortunately at this moment Flavia showed at the door. "The fault's mine, James," she said, in a clear, loud tone. And the Colonel saw that her color was high and her eyes were dancing. "I couldn't bear to leave her at once, the darling! That was it; and besides, I took a fear——"

"The pastern's right enough," Uncle Ulick struck in, entering behind her and closing the door with the air of a big man who does not mean to be trifled with. "Sound as your own light foot, my jewel, and sounder than James' head! Be easy, be easy, lad," he continued, with a trifle of sternness. "Sure, you're spoiling other men's meat, and forgetting the Colonel's present, not to speak of Mr. Asgill, that, being a justice, is not used to our Kerry tantrums!"

Possibly this last was a hint, cunningly veiled. At any rate, The McMurrough took his seat again with a better grace than usual, and Asgill made haste to take up the talk. The Colonel reflected; nor did he find it the least odd thing that Flavia, who had been so full of distress at the loss of her mare, said little of the rescuer's adventures, nor much of the mare herself. Yet the girl's whole aspect was changed in the last hour. She seemed, as far as he could judge, to be in a state of the utmost excitement; she had shaken off the timidity which her brother's temper too often imposed on her, and with it her shyness before strangers. All the Irish humor in her fluttered to the surface, and her tongue ran with an incredible gayety. Uncle Ulick, the O'Beirnes, the buckeens, laughed frank admiration—sometimes at remarks which the Colonel could not understand, sometimes at more obvious witticisms. Asgill was her slave. Darby, with the familiarity of the old servant, chuckled openly, and more than one dish rolled on the floor without drawing down a rebuke. Even her brother regarded her with unwilling amusement.

Could the change in her spring from the recovery of the mare, of which she said scarce a word? Colonel John could hardly believe it; and if such were the case, she was ungrateful, for the recoverer of her favorite she had no words, and scarce a look. Rather, it seemed to him that there must be two Flavias; the one shy, modest, and, where her country was not assailed, of a reserve beyond reproach; the other Flavia, a shoot of the old tree, a hoyden, a castback to Sir Michael's wild youth and the gay days of the Restoration Court.

He listened to her drollery, her ringing laugh, her arch sayings, with some blame, but more admiration. Listening with a kindlier heart, he discerned that at her wildest and loudest Flavia did not suffer one light or unmaidenly word to pass her lips.

He gave her credit for that, and in the act he learned, with a reflection on his stupidity, that there was method in her madness; ay, and meaning—but he had not hitherto held the key to it—in her jests. On a sudden—he saw now that this was the climax to which she had been leading up—she sprang to her feet, carried away by her excitement. Erect, defiant—nay, triumphant—she flung her handkerchief into the middle of the table, strewn as it was with a medley of glasses and flasks and disordered dishes.

"Who loves me, follows me!" she cried, a queer exultation in her tone, "across the water!"

They pounced on the kerchief like dogs let loose from the leash—every man but the astonished Colonel. For an instant the place was a pandemonium, a Babel. In a twinkling the kerchief was torn, amid cries of the wildest enthusiasm, into as many fragments as there were men around the table.

"All! All!" she cried, still standing erect, and hounding them on with the magic of her voice, while her beautiful face blazed with excitement. "All—but you?"—with which, for the priefest space, she turned to Colonel John. Her eyes met his. They asked him a defiant question; they challenged the answer.

"I do not understand," he replied, taken by surprise. But indeed he did understand only too well. "Is it a game?"

The men were pinning the white shreds on their coats above their hearts—even her brother, obedient for once. But at that word they turned as one man to him, turned flushed, frowning faces and passionate eyes on him. But Flavia was before them. "Yes, a game!" she cried, laughing, a note too high. "Don't you know the Lady's Kerchief?"

"No," he said soberly; he was even a little out of countenance.

"Then no more of it," Uncle Ulick cried, interposing, with a ring of authority in his voice. "For my part, I'm for bed. Bed! We're all children, bedad, and as fond of a frolic! And I'm thinking I'm the worst. The lights, Darby, the lights, and pleasant dreams to you! After all—

"The spoke that is today on top,
Tomorrow's on the ground.

Sure, and I'll swear that's true!"

"And no treason!" The McMurrough answered him, with a grin. "Eh, Asgill?"

And so between them they removed Colonel John's last doubt—if he had one.

CHAPTER IX.
Early Risers.

It was plain—whatever was obscure—that the play of the Lady's Kerchief was a cover for matter more serious. Those who had taken part in it had scarcely deigned to pretend. Colonel John had been duller than the dullest if he had not seen in the white shreds for which the men had scrambled, and which they had affixed with passion to their coats, the White Cocade of the Pretender; or found in Uncle Ulick's couplet—

The spoke that is today on top
Tomorrow's on the ground,

one of those catchwords which suited the taste of the day, and served at once for a passport and a sentiment.

But Colonel John knew that many a word was sa diover the claret which meant less than nothing next morning; and that many a fair hand passed the wine across the waterbowl—the very movement did honor to a shapely arm—without its owner having the least intention of endangering those she loved for the sake of the King across the Water.

Consequently he knew that he might be wrong in dotting the i's and crossing the t's of the scene which he had witnessed. Such a scene might mean no more than a burst of high spirits; in nine cases out of ten it would not be followed by action, nor import more than that singing of 'Twas a' for Our Rightful King! which had startled him on his arrival. In that house, in the wilds of Kerry, sheer loyalty could not be expected. The wrongs of the nation were too recent, the high seas were too near, the wild geese came and went too freely—wild geese of another feather than his. Such outbursts as he had witnessed were no more than the safety valves of outraged pride.

Colonel John leaned upon such arguments, and, disappointed and alarmed as he was by Flavia's behavior he told himself that nothing was seriously meant, and that with the morning light things would look more cheerful.

But when he awoke, after a feverish and disturbed sleep, the faint grisly dawn that entered the room was not of a character to inspirit. He turned on his side to sleep again, but in the act he discovered that the curtain which he had drawn across the window was withdrawn. He could discern the black mass of his clothes piled on a chair, of his hat clinging like some black bat to the whitewashed wall, of his valise and saddle bags in the corner—finally of a stout figure, bent, listening at the door.

An old campaigner—Colonel John was not easily surprised. Repressing the exclamation on his lips, he rose to his elbows and waited until the figure at the door straightened itself, and, turning toward him, became recognizable as Uncle Ulick. The big man crossed the floor, saw that he was awake, and, finger on lip, enjoined silence. Then he pointed to the clothes on the chair, and brought his mouth near the Colnel's ear.

"The back door!" he whispered. "Under the yews in the garden! Come!" And leaving the Colonel staring and mystefied, he crept from the room with a stealth and lightness remarkable for one so big. The door closed, the latch fell, and made no sound.

Colonel John reflected that Uncle Ulick was no romantic young person to play at mystery for effect. There was a call for secrecy, therefore. The O'Beirnes slept in a room divided from his only by a thin partition; and to gain the stairs he must pass the doors of other chambers, all inhabited. As softly as he could, and as quickly, he dressed himself. He took his boots in his hands, his sword, perhaps from old habit, under the other arm; in this guise he crept from the room and down the dusky staircase. Old Darby and an underling were snoring in the cub, which, in the daytime passed for a pantry, and both by day and by night gave forth a smell of sour corks and mice; but Colonel John slid by the open door as noiselessly as a shadow, found the backdoor—which led to the fold-yard—on the latch, and stepped out into the cool, dark morning into the sobering freshness and the clean rain-washed air.

The grass was still gray-hued, the work still colorless and mysterious, the house a long black hulk against a slowly lightening sky.

Colonel John paused on the doorstep to draw on his boots, then he picked his way delicately to the leather-hung wicket that broke the hedge which served as a fence to the garden. On the right of the wicket a row of tall Florence yews, seen within the hedge, screened the pleasaunce, such as it was, from the house. Under the lee of these he found Uncle Ulick striding to and fro and biting his finger nails in his impatience.

He wrung the colonel's hand and looked into his face. "You'll do me the justice, John Sullivan," he said, with a touch of passion, "that never in my life have I been over hasty? Eh? Will you do me that?"

"Certainly, Ulick," Colonel John answered, wondering much what was coming.

"And that I'm no coward, where it's not a question of trouble?"

"I'll do you that justice, too," the Colonel answered. He smiled at the reservation.

The big man did not smile. "Then you'll take my word for it," he replied, "that I'm not speaking idly when I say you must go."

Colonel John lifted his eyebrows. "Go?" he answered. "Do you mean now?"

"Ay, now, or before noon!" Uncle Ulick retorted. "More by token," he continued, with bitterness, "it's not that you might go on the instant that I've brought you out of our own house as if we were a couple of rapparees or horse thieves, but that you might hear it from me who wish you well, instead of from those who may be'll not put it so kindly, nor be so wishful for you to be taking the warning they give."

"Is it Flavia you're meaning?"

"No, and don't you be thinking it," Uncle Ulick replied with a touch of heat. "Nor the least bit of it, John Sullivan! The girl, God bless her, is as honest as the day, if——"

"If she's not very wise," Colonel John said, smiling.

"You may put it that way, if you please. For the matter of that, you'll be thinking she's not the only fool in Morristown, nor the oldest, nor the biggest. But the blood must run slow, and the breast be cold, that sees the way the Saxons are mocking us and locks the tongue in silence. And sure there's no more to be said, but just this—that there's those here you'll be wise not to see! And you'll get a hint to that end before the sun's high."

"And you'd have me take it."

"You'd be mad not to take it!" Uncle Ulick replied, frowning. "Isn't it for that I'm out of my warm bed, and the mist not off the lake?"

"You'd have me give way to them and go?"

"Faith and I would."

"Would you do that same yourself Ulick?"

"For certain."

"And be sorry for it afterward!"

"Not the least taste in life!" Uncle Ulick asseverated.

"And be sorry for it afterward," Colonel John repeated quietly. "Kinsman, come here," he continued, with unusual gravity. And taking Uncle Ulick by the arm he took him to the garden, where the walk looked on the lake and bore some likness to a roughly made terrace. Pausing where the black masses of the Florence yews, most funereal of trees, still sheltered their forms from the house, he stood silent. Here and there on the slopes which faced them a cotter's hovel stood solitary in its potato patch or its plot of oats. In more than one place three or four cotages made up a tiny hamlet, from which the smoke would presently rise. To English eyes the scene, these oases in the limitless brown of bog, had been wild and rude, but to Colonel John it spoke of peace and safety and comfort, and even of a narrow plenty. The soft Irish air lapped it, the distances were mellow, memories of boyhood rounded off all that was unsightly or cold.

He pointed here and there with his hand and with seeming irrelevance. "You'd be sorry afterward," he said, "for you'd think of this, Ulick. God forbid I should deny that even for this too high a price may be paid. But if you play this away in wantonness—if that which you are all planning come about, and you fail, as they failed in Scotland three years back, it is of this, it is of the women and the children under these roofs that will go up in smoke, that you'll be thinking, Ulick, at the last! Believe me or not, this is the last thing you'll see. It's to a burden as well as an honor you're born where men doff caps to you; and it's that burden will be the black weight on your soul at the last. There's old Darby and O'Sullivan Og's wife—and Pat Mahony and Judy Malony's four sons, and the three Sullivans at the landing, and Phil the crowder, and the seven tenants at Kellabogue—it's of them, it's of them"—as he spoke his finger moved from hovel to hovel—"and their like, I'm thinking. You cry them and they follow, for they're your folks born. But what do they know of England or England's strength, or what is against them, or the certain end? They think, poor souls, because they land their spirits and pay no dues, and the justices look the other way—they think the black Protestants are afraid of them! While you and I, you and I know, Ulick," he continued, dropping his voice, "'tis because we lie so poor and distant and small, they give no heed to us! He know! And that's our burden."

The big man's face worked. He threw out his arms. "God help us!" he said.

"He will, in His day! I tell you again, as I told you the hour I came, I, who have followed the wars for twenty years, there is no deed that has not its reward when the time is ripe, nor a cold hearth that is not paid for a hundredfold!"

Uncle Ulick looked somberly over the lake. "I shall never see it," he said. "Notwithstanding I'll do what I can to frighten them—if it be not too late."

"Too late?"

"Aye, too late, John. But anyway, I'll be minding what you say. On the other hand, you must go, and this very day that ever is."

"There are some here that I must not be seeing?" Colonel John said, shrewdly.

"That's it."

"And if I do not go, Ulick? What then, man?"

"Whisht! Whisht!" the big man cried in unmistakable distress. "Don't say the word! Don't say the word, John, dear."

"But I must say it," Colonel John answered, smiling. "To be plain, Ulick, here I am and here I stay. They wish me gone because I am in the way of their plans. Well, and can you give me a better reason for staying?"

What argument Ulick would have made, what he was opening his mouth to say, remains unknown. Before he could reply the murmur of a voice near at hand startled them both. Uncle Ulick's face fell, and the two turned with a single movement to see who came.

They discovered in the shadow of the wall of yew two men, who had just passed through the wicket into the garden.

The strangers saw them at the same moment and were evidently taken by surprise. The foremost of the two, a sturdy, weatherbeaten man with a square, stern face and a look of power, laid his hand on his cutlas—he wore a broad blade in place of the usual rapier. The other, whom every line of his shaven face as well as his dress, proclaimed a priest—and perhaps more than a priest—crossed himself and muttered something to his companion. Then he came forward.

"You take the air early, gentlemen," he said, the French accent very plain in his speech, "as we do. If I mistake not," he continued, looking with an easy smile at Colonel John, "your Protestant kinsman, of whom you told me, Mr. Sullivan? I did not look to meet you, Colonel Sullivan, but I do not doubt you are man of the world enough to excuse, if you cannot approve, the presence of the shepherd among his sheep. The law forbids, but"—still smiling he finished the sentence with a gesture in the air.

"I approve all men," Colonel John answered, quietly, "who are in their duty, father."

"But wool and wine that pay no duty," the priest replied, turning with a humorous look to his companion, who stood beside him unsmiling, "I'm not sure that Colonel Sullivan extends the same indulgence to free traders, Captain Machin."

Colonel John looked closely at the man thus brought to his notice. Then he raised his hat courteously. "Sir," he said, "the guests of the Sullivans, whoever they be, are sacred to the Sullivans."

Uncle Ulick's eyes had met the priest's as eyes meet in a moment of suspense. At this he drew a deep breath of relief. "Well said," he muttered. "Bedad, it is something to have seen the world."

"You have served under the King of Sweden, I believe?" the ecclesiastic continued, addressing Colonel John with a polite air. He had a book of offices in his hand, as if his purpose in the garden had been merely to read the service.

"Yes."

"A great school of war, I am told."

"It may be called so. But I interrupt you, father, and with your permission I will bid you good morning. Doubtless we shall meet again."

"At breakfast, I trust," the ecclesiastic answered with a certain air of intention. Then he bowed and they returned it, and the two pairs gave place to one another with ceremony. Colonel John and Ulick passing out through the garden wicket, while the strangers moved on toward the walk which looked over the lake. Here they began to pace up and down.

With his hand on the house door Uncle Ulick made a last attempt. "For God's sake, be easy and go," he muttered, his voice unsteady, his eyes fixed on the other's, as if he would read his mind. "Leave us to our fate! You cannot save us—you see what you see, you know what it means. And, for what I know, you know the man. You'll but make our end the blacker."

"And the girl?"

Uncle Ulick tossed his hands in the air "God help her?" he said.

"Shall not we two help her?"

"We cannot."

"It may be. Still let us do our duty," Colonel John replied. He was very grave. Things were worse, the plot was thicker, than he had feared.

Uncle Ulick groaned. "You'll not be hidden?" he said.

"Not by an angel," Colonel John answered steadfastly. "And I've seen none this morning, but only a good man whose one fault in life is to answer to all men 'sure, and I will.'"

Uncle Ulick started as if the words stung him. "You make a jest of it!" he said. "Heaven send we do not sorrow for your wilfulness. For my part, I've small hopes of that same." He opened the door, and, turning his back upon his companion, went heavily, and without any attempt at concealment, past the pantry and up the stairs to his room.

To answer "Yes" to all comers and all demands is doubtless, in the language of Uncle Ulick, a mighty convenience and a great softener of the angles of life. But a time comes to the most easy when he must answer "No," or go open-eyed to ruin. Then he finds that, from long disuse, the word will not shape itself; or, if uttered, it is taken for naught. That time had come for Uncle Ulick. Years ago his age and experience had sufficed to curb the hot blood about him. But he had been too easy to dictate while he might, and today he must go the young folks' way, seeing all too plainly the end of it.

But Colonel John was of another kind and another mind. Often in the Swedish wars had he seen a fair countryside changed in one day into a waste, from the recesses of which naked creatures with wolfish eyes stole out at night, maddened by their wrongs, to wreak a horrid vengeance on the passing soldier. He knew that the fairest parts of Ireland had undergone such a fate within living memory. Therefore he was firmly minded, as one man could be, that not again should the corner of Kerry under his eyes, the corner he loved, the corner entrusted to him, suffer that fate.

Yet, when he descended to breakfast, his face told no tale of his thoughts, and he greeted with a smile the unusual brightness of the morning. Nor, as he sunned himself and inhaled with enjoyment the freshness of the air, did any sign escape him that he marked a change.

But he was not blind. Among the cripples and vagrants who lounged about the entrance he detected six or eight ragged fellows whose sunburnt faces were new to him and who certainly were not cripples. In the doorway of one of the two towers that fronted him across the court stood O'Sullivan Og, whittling a stick and chatting with a sturdy idler in seafaring clothes. The Colonel could not give his reason, but he had not looked twice at these two before he got a notion that there was more in that tower this morning than the old ploughs and the broken boat which commonly filled the ground floor, or the grain which was stored above. Powder? Treasure? He could not say which or what; but he felt that the open door was a mask that deceived no one.

And there was a stir, there was a bustle in the court; a sparkle in the eyes of some as they glanced slyly and under their lashes at the house, a lilt in the tread of others as they stepped to and fro. Some strange change had fallen upon Morristown and imbued it with life.

He caught the sound of voices in the house, and he turned about and entered. The priest and Captain Machin had descended and were standing with Uncle Ulick warming themselves before the wood fire. The McMurrough, the O'Beirnes and two or three strangers—grim-looking men who had followed, a glance told him, the trade he had followed—formed a group a little apart yet near enough to be addressed. Asgill was not present, nor Flavia.

"Good morning, again," Colonel John said. And he bowed.

"With all my heart, Colonel Sullivan," the priest answered cordially. And Colonel John saw that he had guessed aright; the speaker no longer took the trouble to hide his episcopal cross and chain or the ring on his finger. There was an increase of dignity, too, in his manner. His very cordiality seemed a condescension.

Captain Machin bowed silently, while The McMurrough and the O'Beirnes looked darkly at the Colonel. They did not understand; it was plain that they were not in the secret of the morning encounter.

"I see O'Sullivan Og is here," the Colonel said, addressing Uncle Ulick. "That will be very convenient."

"Convenient?" Uncle Ulick repeated, looking blank.

"We can give him the orders as to the Frenchman's cargo," the Colonel said, calmly.

Uncle Ulick winced. "Ay, to be sure! To be sure, lad," he answered. But he rubbed his head, like a man in a difficulty.

The bishop seemed to be going to speak, however, Flavia came tripping down the stairs, a gay song on her lips. Half way down the song, light and sweet as a bird's, came to a sudden end.

"I am afraid I am late!" she said. And then—as the Colonel supposed—she saw that more than the family party were assembled; that the bishop and Captain Machin were there also, and the strangers—and, above all, that he was there. She descended the last three stairs silently, but with a heightened color, moved proudly into the middle of the group and curtsied before the ecclesiastic till her knee touched the floor.

He gave her his hand to kiss, with a smile and a murmured blessing. She rose with sparkling eyes.

"It is a good morning!" she said, as one who having done her duty could be cheerful.

"It is a very fine morning," the bishop answered in the same spirit. "The sun shines on us, as we would have him shine. And after breakfast, with your leave, my daughter, and with your brother's leave, we will hold a little council. What say you, Colonel Sullivan?" he continued, turning to the Colonel. "A family council? Will you join us?"

The McMurrough uttered an exclamation, so unexpected and strident, than the words were not articulate. But the bishop understood them, for, as all turned to him. "Nay," he said, "it shall be for the Colonel to say. But it's ill arguing with a fasting man," he continued genially, "and by your leave we will return to the matter after breakfast!"

"I am not for argument at all," Captain Machin said. It was the first time he had spoken.

(To Be Continued.)

The Fair Rescuer of an English King

This picture hangs in Room VI. at the National Portrait gallery. The dress is white against a brownish background. A necklace of pearls encircles Jane Lane's neck, and another string is shown in her wavy brown hair, no other jewelry being worn except a brooch and earrings. According to the Sphere Jane Lane played a very considerable part in the escape of King Charles after Worcester, her career being graphically described in "The Flight of the King," by Allan Fea, published by the firm of Methuen. Jane Lane with her brother, Colonel Lane, entertained the king at Bentley

JANE LANE, AFTERWARDS LADY FISHER.

Hall near Walsall, September 9, 1651. Brother and sister were with the king during those critical days of early September. Jane Lane married Sir Clement Fisher, and she died on the anniversary of her receiving King Charles at Bentley Hall, September 9,1689. Another portrait of Jane Lane, afterward Lady Fisher, depicts her in the act of concealing the crown of England under her veil.

Local Option in Indiana

In the above map the "dry" counties of the state are in white. The black area in other counties indicate the amount of territory in which the sale of liquor is permitted, there being no county entirely open to saloons. The shaded portions show territory open to saloons in counties which have not yet held county elections. Nearly 2,000,000 persons are now living in "dry" territory.

PURPLE AND HOMESPUN

BY AUSTIN FRYERS

LONDON.—1908

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Duke Summons His Ally.

The Grand Duke lost no time, on arriving at Schlossingen, in summoning Count von Kaulmann to a private audience. He was anxious to know the full extent of the treachery of the "English Miss" whom he had hoped to make an ally, and who now, apparently, was a dangerous enemy. He still hoped against hope that Von Kaulmann was mistaken; but he knew that the chances against this being the case were many, as the chancellor was too experienced to commit himself to positive assertion without convincing proof.

"I trust your highness is not fatigued with your journey," he murmured suavely, as he sank into the seat to which the Grand Duke had motioned him.

"I am none the better for it," replied the Duke curtly; "but my mind is more troubled than my body. Tell me the whole story about Miss Howard. You are sure you are not mistaken in regard to her? You are sure she is an enemy?"

"Quite sure, your highness. She arrived, as you remember, with your introduction to the Baroness Eckhardt, who placed her house at our disposal."

"Ah! The Baroness is a loyal friend."

"There I saw Miss Howard, and learned that it was your wish that I should introduce her into the palace. I did so. I provided her with a suite of rooms in the old wing——"

"Where you could keep strict espoinage on her actions?"

"Exactly, your highness. I learned with surprise that her immediate desire was to get into personal communication with the Princess."

"Well! That proves nothing."

"I must say, your highness, that it aroused my suspicions. Suspicions which were afterwards proved to be well founded. I regarded Miss Howard as far too clever a woman to enter on any action without a definite plan. But she declared that she had no plan, and intended relying on circumstances as they arose, to advance your interests. I did not believe it. I was right."

"Go on."

"Through a Frenchwoman—her maid—she managed to see the Princess. It appears that the Frenchwoman had been in the Princess' employ in London. The interview between Miss Howard and the Princess took place in the Princess' apartments. I was powerless. I had no means of knowing what took place."

"Well?"

"Miss Howard did not enlighten me. That I expected. I had the Frenchwoman watched, and she was followed to a hotel in the town where an Englishman named Philip Darrell was staying. He came back with her to the palace, to Miss Howard's apartments. There he was joined by the Princess. He is the Princess' lover."

"The Princess' lover! Philip Darrell, an Englishman! What is he?"

"An artist. A second-rate artist, I should think."

"Go on."

"In the rooms in which I had placed Miss Howard, I had, of course, previously made all necessary arrangements. I heard every word that was spoken."

"Good!"

"Not suspecting anything, they

Soap Tree in Florida.

Ocala Banner.

Side by side grow the soap tree and the tallow tree. The soap tree yields a product from which is manufactured the purest article of soap that is possible to be made. Indeed, the pulp of the berry is a natural soap and will make a lather almost like the manufactured article. The soap berry tree is now creating widespread interest and the berries are being imported from Algiers and China.

It will pay to plant the trees and look after their cultivation. The product of the tallow tree also enters into the product of soap and the two together make a nice combination, and their cultivation should be looked after by those interested in new industries. Besides soap the soap berries make a very fine oil, and when the virtues of the tallow tree are fully known it may also yield a fine and profitable oil. The young man who now plants out a ten or twenty-acre orchard of these two trees may drop into an easy fortune.

Old Welsh Harp With Unmusical Name

The crwth, comparatively few examples of which are in existence, is an old Welsh instrument, according to The Sketch. It is akin to the violin, and it usually had six strings, four of which were played on by a bow and

A CRWTH.
FROM THE BRITON.

two of which were struck with the thumb. It was twenty-two inches in length, and one and a half inches thick.

laid the whole intrigue bare."

"And the intrigue?"

"The Princess is so enamored of the artist that she means to give up her position, to become a commoner, so that she may be a commoner's wife. She means to go secretly with this Darrell to England and marry him."

"But heavens, man, that is playing entirely into our hands. By doing this she places me in direct succession to the throne. She insults Prince Dietrich, and so mortally offends Germany, who will then support my claims. Why, the road is clear."

"Not so, your highness. There is some one else in the way."

"Who?"

"The Prince's other daughter."

"There is no other daughter."

"Your Highness is mistaken. There is an elder daughter, by a morganatic marriage contracted by the Prince in his youth with an Englishwoman. That daughter is our clever enemy, Miss Howard."

The Duke rose from his seat with an oath.

"Why did that not strike me before? That accounts, then, for the marvelous likeness she bears the Princess."

"Exactly, your Highness. Blood will tell."

"But, still I do not follow how this is to obstruct us. The child of a morganatic marriage cannot succeed."

"No, your Highness; but your English ally is too clever to invite any barrier of that kind. The Princess ceases to be a princess, and goes to England with her lover. Miss Howard remains here as the Princess Alicia."

The full import of the projected plot did not strike the Grand Duke at once. He paced up and down the room, his brows puckered. Then he suddenly grasped the situation, and striking his clenched hand on the table he hissed—

"The fiend!"

"Prince Dietrich cannot suspect the imposture; and the Prince, even if he does suspect, must accept the inevitable."

The Duke stamped impatiently.

"But what have you done, Von Kaulmann. You are not the man to sit down idle with such intrigues afoot."

The Count smiled, pleased at the compliment.

"I have made it impossible for the Princess to leave. Had she and her lover but reached England, our story that an imposter is in her place would not be credited."

"True. But how did you stop it?"

"I had the Englishman arrested as a German spy. It rests with you now to decide. If we think it best that he should be out of the way for ever, he can be shot at dawn."

"But the Princess? She will exercise her right as heir-apparent to prevent the execution."

"She does not know that he has been arrested. The record in the books will never disclose his identity."

"Good."

"It is now for your Highness to direct."

"In the first place I propose seeing Miss Howard. When she knows that we can spoil her plans she may return to our side for a price."

"Very well, your Highness, I will send to ask if she can receive us."

CHAPTER XXX.

The "Englishwoman" Deported.

Miss Howard was standing by the mantelpiece when they entered. She was looking haggard and deathly pale, but forced a smile of welcome.

"You are not looking so well as when we had the pleasure of meeting you in London, Miss Howard," said the Duke suavely.

"No, I am afraid, your Highness, the journey fatigued me. Will you not be seated?"

"Ah! I am afraid it is the strange atmosphere of court intrigue, Miss Howard. You attempted too much. You should not have tried to do more than you undertook to do."

"I do not think I have done so, your Highness."

"Oh! I admit, not more than you undertook to yourself to do; but I think your health would not have suffered had you confined yourself to your bargain with me."

"I do not understand."

"You soar too high, Miss Howard. You will not succeed in your ambition to be a Princess of Alsenburg."

Miss Howard laughed.

"I have no such ambition."

"Excuse me; but it is no use playing at cross-purposes. I know your whole designs, and you have no chance of carrying them out."

"Please explain."

"It is useless, I tell you. I know all. The Princess Alicia is foolish enough to have fallen in love with an English artist. She wishes to relinquish her station to you, while she goes to England to live in obscurity. Do you think that I have worked, and planned, and schemed, and designed for years to allow you now to thwart me by any such hair-brained plan?"

"I can assure your Highness that you are quite wrong. I came to Alsenburg with Mr. Philip Darrell, an artist——"

"The Princess' lover."

"It may be; but I assure you that if you get your agents to release him from the cell in which he is now outrageously and illegally detained——"

The Duke and Von Kaulmann looked at each other in unaffected surprise, and Miss Howard waited for her words to have full effect.

"If you, I say, release Mr. Darrell, I will undertake to go to England with him at once."

The Duke tugged at his heavy mustache, puzzled and annoyed.

"I thought you were ambitious, Miss Howard. There is room enough to gratify all your desires in Alsenburg without your mad idea of being a Princess."

Why do you not hold to your original plan and help me?"

"No, no, I am tired of it all. I am not ambitious."

"But it is so easy. Let the Princess fly to England with her lover—aid in carrying that out—and any reward you like to name is yours."

"I shall not mix up in it," replied Miss Howard decisively. "My mind is made up. I mean to go to England."

"Is not this sheer obstinacy, Count?" said the Duke, turning to the Chancellor in desperation. "Will you not try your powers of persuasion?"

"It would be useless, your highness. Her highness the Princess, of course, is determined to go to England with her lover."

"I know; but I am not speaking to the Princess; I am speaking to Miss Howard."

"Miss Howard, your highness, is now installed in the Princess' apartments, wearing the Princess' clothes, and posing as the Princess. You are not addressing Miss Howard, you are addressing her highness the Princess Alicia, who is posing as Miss Howard."

The Duke started to his feet and gazed hard at the young girl, who now stood panting and dazed in front of him. Von Kaulmann pulled his iron-gray moustache lazily, and smiled. The Duke could no longer have any doubt that a decisive step in the game against him was already taken.

"Alicia," said he, in tones of almost uncontrollable anger, "I will crush you for this. Your lover shall die at dawn."

"Oh! for God's sake do not do that! What has he done to you that he should be sacrificed?"

"He is one of an abominable nest of vipers who are trying to thwart me."

"But how will his death aid you?"

"It will give me the satisfaction of revenge!"

"I shall cry out against the murder in England, not even your position will save you. Even if I have to resume my position and marry Prince Dietrich, I will thwart your wicked plans."

The Duke laughed savagely.

"You! You are Miss Howard, the English concert singer. The Princess is in her apartments. Within the hour you—an English undesirable—will be deported from Alsenburg. Then we shall deal with your understudy."

Without another word he turned on his heel, and strode angrily from the room, followed by Von Kaullmann.

The Princess pressed her hands wearily to her forehead. Only too surely did she know how helpless she was; only too surely did she know the wicked and vindictive nature of the Duke, and how capable he was of carrying out his threats.

For a few moments she remained buried in anxious thought, repelling even the kindly solicitousness of Jeannette. Then the tramp of soldiers was heard along the corridor outside, and shortly afterwards the door was opened and an officer of guards entered. Behind him could be seen a file of soldiers.

"Minnie Howard, Englishwoman, you are ordered, with your maid, to quit Alsenburg at once. It is my duty, with my escort, to conduct you across the frontier. Get ready at once."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Like a Princess.

The sudden changing of roles with Princess Alicia was a trifle disconcerting to Minnie. To gratify her ambition to fill the dazzling sphere she had now so suddenly entered, she would have risked much and endured anything; but she knew that she had now to contend with powerful and unscrupulous enemies.

On the spur of the moment, the resolution that the two daring women had taken was about the best, as it was the only course to pursue, unless defeat were to be accepted. With her aims discovered, her designs laid bare, it was quite certain that the career of Miss Minnie Howard as an intrigante in Alsenburg was at an end. If, therefore, their principal aim was to be achieved, it was necessary that she should at once adopt the role under which it still seemed possible that she would be able to defeat the Duke and his party.

She was, however, beset with difficulties, the most embarrassing of which was that she was utterly unversed in the details of the part she had undertaken to play. She did not know the personnel of her suite. She assumed that the Princess would have ladies-in-waiting, and that a special guard was told off for her protection and to lend dignity to her position; but every one of these would be utter strangers to her, and she would not know one of them by name.

But stay! The princess had given her a name. In their hurried leaving she had said: "The Countess Schacken. Remember the name. Trust her."

She had forgotten it till that moment and now it was the one hope she had of being able to encounter and overcome the difficulties of her position. She would at once summon the countess and see what could be done.

Picking up an illustrated paper which lay on a table, she sank in a negligent attitude on a billowy couch drawn up near the fire, and pressed an electric button beside the mantelpiece.

A kindly-faced woman with silver-gray hair entered almost immediately. Minnie looked at her from under her downcast lashes, and murmured languidly—

"I want the Countess Schacken."

"But I am the countess, my dear princess. Is anything the matter? You are not ill, I hope."

"I am, countess, very ill, I fear, and much worried. I fear that I am very ill. I have been ever since I went to England."

"My dear princess, you alarm me. And I never suspected anything of the kind."

"It is my memory that is affected. I cannot remember names. Countess, tell me candidly: who can I trust around me?"

"Every one madame," replied the countess in a surprised tone, and not without a suspicion of wounded feelings.

"You misunderstand me," replied Minnie, placing her hand soothingly on that of the elder woman. "I mean in the more serious things; in those matters in which the prince's interests are opposed by the designs of the grand duke."

The countess paled slightly and looked troubled.

"My dear princess, I hardly know how to answer. We can hardly tell whom to trust in the army. Is it not better to leave everything to his royal highness—"

"But the prince is not here, and it is an urgent matter—one of life and death!"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the countess, thoroughly alarmed. "But is your highness quite sure that the matter is so urgent, so desperate?"

"I am quite sure, countess. There is a prisoner in the cells under the false charges of being a spy. He is an Englishman, and is not a spy. The duke, to suit his own ends, means to put him to death—to murder him. If the prince were here I could secure his liberation at once, but before his highness returns, this great crime will be committed. Tell me, what can I do? Surely as the princess, in my father's absence, I have some special privileges, some authority—"

"Alas, madame, everything seems hopeless when it means interference with the army."

"But what am I to do? I cannot permit this great wickedness to be committed."

"Why not send for the duchess, my dear? She understands great questions such as these, but they are quite beyond a poor woman like me, whose only merit is that she places her loving devotion at your command."

"The duchess," echoed Minnie, wondering who was meant.

"Of course, my dear. The Duchess of Saxenhagen. Surely it to her you must look for advice in such a matter as this. Who else but she could have had the honor of chaperoning you to England—"

But Minnie by this time was quite clear as to who was meant.

"You are quite right, countess. I must consult the duchess at once. Is she—to be seen?"

"Of course, your highness. I will myself go at once to her rooms and convey your commands to her."

"Thank you."

Minnie congratulated herself on the good luck which had so far attended her efforts to save Philip Darrell. She had heard of the Duchess of Saxenhagen from Darrell, who in turn had heard much of her from the princess, and she therefore knew that she was about to meet one o the grandes dames of politics; one, too, who might be relied on to strain every nerve and use every effort to thwart the grand duke.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Duchess Takes Action.

The Duchess came across to the Princess eagerly when she entered the room with the Countess.

"I have hastened to obey your summons, your Highness, because my dear friend, the Countess, in the little she has told me, has alarmed me greatly. Will your Highness kindly tell me the facts?"

"I will relate them briefly, Countess, as a moment's delay may be fatal. You remember the strange encounter in the Green park with a man who mistook me for some one he knew?"

"Yes, I remember distinctly. It was a Miss Minnie Howard, a concert singer, who bore a great resemblance to you."

"Exactly. Well—do not ask me now how I know all this, but accept it all as a fact—the Grand Duke brought this artist, Philip Darrell, and this concert girl to Alsenburg. In fact, I believe the girl is in the old wing of the palace at the present moment."

"Good gracious! what could have been his object?"

"To me it is quite simple. The prospect of an alliance with Germany through Prince Dietrich is, of course, distasteful to him."

"It means ruin to his hopes," said the Duchess, grimly.

"He hoped to defeat our wishes in that direction through this concert girl. Trading on her likeness to me, he hoped to keep her in concealment and when Prince Dietrich arrived, she was to impersonate me under circumstances which would make a betrothal an impossibility."

"What a foul, fiendish plot."

"Let me hurry with my narrative, Duchess, for I tremble at the risk any loss of time may incur. Neither this girl nor the artist would assent to the Grand Duke's plan when they knew how foul and dishonorable was the work they were required to do."

"That is glorious news, Princess. We shall reward them. They shall not lose by their nobleness."

"Try, Duchess, to redeem that promise and you will earn my eternal gratitude. But there is not a moment to lose. The Duke, enraged at his defeat, is determined to revenge himself by taking the painter's life."

"His life!" exclaimed the Duchess.

"Yes. He is even now in one of the cells in the old wing, falsely accused, not only as a spy, but as a German spy. He is refused communication with any one, and with the merest pretence of a court-martial he may be shot at any moment."

"Do not be afraid, my dear Princess, I know how to save him. By your leave, I will set about it at once."

The Duchess had the weight of full sixty years on her shoulders, but she was still active and vigorous. Her brain was particularly quick and resolute, and her plan of action was quickly formed and ready to put into execution.

She first sent for the colonel of the Prince's Guards, a trusted partisan, and to him she entrusted a personal note for the Prince, which she adjured him to send by the quickest possible service until it could be placed in the Prince's own hands. It was an urgent message, begging the Prince to return at once, at whatever cost of personal inconvenience.

Then she told him the story of the prisoner, and asked him if he could prevent such a wicked outrage as was contemplated.

Colonel Krischner shook his head gravely.

"Nay, Duchess, the Grand Duke as marshal of the army is supreme. There is no appeal from him but to the Prince. Then again, it is so hopeless to do anything when the charge is that the prisoner is a spy. No matter how untrue the charge, if it is preferred with evidence it is accepted and the matter is closed. The man is doomed. One thing only I can do. I can have such a watch kept on every door that I shall be able to give you immediate intimation of any attempt to deal with the prisoner in any way."

The Duchess pressed the old soldier's hand gratefully.

"That, I can see, is the best you can do, and I know you will do it."

But the Duchess had by no means exhausted her resources. Within an hour two visitors arrived at the palace to see her, and were shown at once into the prince's apartments. One was Sir Francis Adderley, the British ambassador to Alsenburg, and the other was Count Forms, the German ambassador.

While she was waiting for these two visitors, who were to play very important parts in the plan she had devised for defeating the Grand Duke in the duel for Darrell's life, her friend Colonel Krischner returned with news which surprised her, namely that the concert singer, Minnie Howard, had been conducted by a picket to the frontier and deported from Alsenburg.

(To Be Continued.)

Automatic Telephone.

Chicago News.

According to the head of Austria's telegraphs, the automatic telephone exchange system can be made to compete seriously with the manual system. He says that in New York it takes on the average sixteen seconds from the time the subscriber removes his telephone receiver to the time the ringing signal is set, whereas in the automatic system installed in Vienna, for 100,000 subscribers this work is done in but ten seconds. Three seconds after the subscriber hangs up the receiver the line is clear. Owing to this saving of time, a larger number of messages can be delivered through the automatic exchange than through the manual exchange.

Setless Hens.

Kansas City Journal.

Chicken experts in Kansas are viewing with alarm a strange retrogression of the Kansas "settin' hen." It is said upon the authority of expert chicken men that after several generations incubator-hatched chickens lose the instinct to "set." No other theory is advanced for the reason why Mrs. Helpful refuses longer to perch herself upon a nice baker's dozen of choice eggs and warm them with outspread pinions until the miracle of nature is wrought again, save that the incubator has robbed her of the "setting" instinct. This is a rather gloomy outlook, although there is a faint silver lining. The good housewife won't have to spoil her nice barrel of rain water by dousing into it at regular intervals some hen that wants to "set" all the time.

Shoots When Annoyed

Dr. Rose Ringold, the only woman surgeon in the United States army, now stationed at Governor's Island, who, when approached by a masher on the streets of New York, drew a revolver and marched the man to a police station. Later on, being arraigned before a magistrate, he was sent to the island for six months.

Jes' Canallin'.

When the warm winds come a-callin' to my Molly thar an' me
That the old Sue's calked an' painted an'
It's time to cut her free;
Then I swan life seems worth livin' just to hear the mule boy call
And the mules start on the towpath for the first time since the fall;
For the winter's long and weary an' it seems an age till spring,
When the fleet of boats start movin' an' you hear the towline sing.

Jes' canallin'—Molly thar an' me.
Never was another life that was quite so free;
Up the stream, down the stream, spring, summer, fall,
Bendin' on the rudder as you hear the muleboy call:
"Whoa! Gee! Ged up! Whoa!"
That's the song of the old mule tow!

Those that like the town can have it, with its bustle and its noise,
But give me the old boat, with my Molly an' the boys;
It's the only place we know of an' the only world we roam,
An' the cabin with the green roof is our only "home, sweet home."
Jes' to sit an' smoke at evenin' when the sun is going down,
An' Molly's cookin' supper an' the mules are grazin' roun'.

Jes' canallin'—Molly thar an' me.
Never was another life that was quite so free;
Up the stream, down the stream, spring, summer, fall,
Bendin' on the rudder as you hear the muleboy call:
"Whoa! Gee! Ged up! Whoa!"
That's the song of the old mule tow!

Night along the old canal, an' a full moon overhead,
An' the muddy water shinin' like a slender yellow thread,
An' the white mists in the bushes an' the pale stars in the skies,
The croakin' of the greenbacks an' the dartin' fireflies;
The boy hurd a-singin' an' the old boat glidin' down,
I swear I wouldn't trade her for a mansion up in town.

Jes' canallin'—Molly thar an' me.
Never was another life that was quite so free;
Up the stream, down the stream, spring, summer, fall,
Bendin' on the rudder as you hear the muleboy call:
"Whoa! Gee! Ged up! Whoa!"
That's the song of the old mule tow!
—Victor A. Hermann in New York Sun.

HOW WIND PRODUCES WAVES

Its Action Upon the Desert Sand and Prairie Snow.

Chicago Tribune.

There are wind waves in water, sand and snow. The great sea waves are produced at that part of a cyclone where the direction of the wind coincides with the direction of advance of the depression. Along this line of advance the waves in their progress are accompanied by a strong wind blowing across their ridges as long as the atmospheric depression is maintained. So the waves are developed until they become steep. The average height in feet is about half the velocity of the wind in miles.

A wind of fifty-two miles an hour gives waves of an average height of twenty-six feet, although individual waves will attain a height of forty feet. The prevailing wind in all longitudes is westerly, so wherever a westerly wind springs up it finds a long westerly swell, the effect of a previous wind still running, and the principal effect of the newly born wind is to increase the steepness of the already running long swell so as to form majestic storm waves, which sometimes attain a length of 1,200 feet from crest to crest. The longest swells due to wind are almost invisible during storms, for they are masked by the shorter and steeper waves, but they emerge into view after or beyond the storm.

The action of the wind to drift dry sand in a procession of waves is seen in the deserts. As the sand waves cannot travel by gravitation their movements are entirely controlled by the wind and they are therefore much simpler and more regular in form and movement than ocean waves. In their greatest heights of several hundred feet the former become more complex owing to the partial consolidation of the lower layers of sand by pressure, but still have the characteristic wave features.

In the Winnipeg prairies of Canada freshly fallen snow is drifted by wind in a procession of regular waves progressing with visible and ghostlike motion. They are similar to desert sand waves, but less than half as steep, the wave length being fifty times as great as the height. The flatness of the wind formed snow waves affords a valuable indication of the great distance to which hills shelter from the wind.

Marking Migrating Birds.

Westminster Gazette.

A short time ago a stork was shot in Rhodesia bearing upon its leg a metal ring which proved that the bird had been marked in Prussia, when it was a nestling, by the Rossiten bird observatory, while more recently a stork similarly "ringed" in Hungary was shot in the Kalahari desert.

H. F. Witherby is inaugurating a scheme for marking birds in a similar way in this country. It is hoped by this means to gain a more exact idea of the movements of individual birds than has ever been possible by any other method, and this should not only throw light upon the more general aspects of migration, but it should tell us a great deal that is at present obscure with regard to particular points.

In the Bosporus.

An officer on one of the Saint Line steamers, writing to the Liverpool Journal of Commerce, makes the following statement:

"While at Constantinople on April 30 two divers went down in the Bosporus for some purpose, and they reported that the bottom was covered with skeletons. One of the divers died from the effects of going down, and the other went mad. A yacht anchored in this place a little while ago, and when the crew hove up the anchor there were two dead bodies hooked in it shackled together."

HOME TESTING

A Sure and Easy Test on Coffee.

To decide the all important question of coffee, whether or not it is really the hidden cause of physical ails and approaching fixed disease, one should make a test of 10 days by leaving off coffee entirely and using well-made Postum.

If relief follows you may know to a certainty that coffee has been your vicious enemy. Of course you can take it back to your heart again, if you like to keep sick.

A lady says: "I had suffered with stomach trouble, nervousness and terrible sick headaches ever since I was a little child, for my people were always great coffee drinkers and let us children have all we wanted. I got so I thought I could not live without coffee, but I would not acknowledge that it caused my suffering.

"Then I read so many articles about Postum that I decided to give it a fair trial. I had not used it two weeks in place of coffee until I began to feel like a different person. The headaches and nervousness disappeared and whereas I used to be sick two or three days out of a week while drinking coffee I am now well and strong and sturdy seven days a week, thanks to Postum.

"I had been using Postum three months and had never been sick a day when I thought I would experiment and see if it really was coffee that caused the trouble, so I began to drink coffee again and inside of a week I had a sick spell. I was so ill I was soon convinced that coffee was the cause of all my misery and I went back to Postum with the result that I was soon well and strong again and determined to stick to Postum and leave coffee alone in the future."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I would like to know what is the matter with my cats. Have lost as many as twenty within eighteen hours. Kittens all die when about four months of age. The symptoms are: First a chill, then they vomit; then comes a white froth, and, about thirty hours from first attack, comes death. Who can tell me what is wrong?—E., Beulah, Mich.

Will somebody please tell me how to raise cucumbers? Mine bloom and form cucumbers about an inch long; then they turn yellow and die.—S., St. Louis.

I hope that somebody can tell me how to get rid of rust on the leaves of cataalpa trees. The leaves are covered with these spots; some of them are drying up. I fear it may injure the trees.—B., River Park, Ind.

I would like to have a remedy for keeping the flies off the cattle.—B., Woodbury, Ky.

Would be thankful for advice as to what month to set out blackberries and raspberries, and how to start them. I have the old bushes.—C., Cambridge Springs, Pa.

I would be pleased to learn of a remedy that will kill the insects that injure apple trees in North Carolina.—G., Merry Oak, N. C.

When making sweet pickles, what causes them to wilt? Will somebody kindly give, through the Farmstead columns, a recipe for making sweet pickles so that they will not shrink?—S., Armstrong Mill, O.

SET OUT STRAWBERRIES

One distinct branch of midsummer work is to set out a strawberry bed. Do not wait until October and buy expensive pot-grown plants from a nursery. Get some runners from a neighbor now. Wait for a rain before planting them. And in locating the bed put it out of the way of next spring's plowing.

RENOVATION OF BUTTER

Very little is said these days about oleomargarine, although renovated or process butter is greatly in evidence. The process butter is good, bad and indifferent, and is often called sterilized butter. Miscellaneous kinds of country butter made by farmers far from the creameries constitute the better grades. These are sold to the county merchants or exchanged for merchandise, and are then sold to the agent of the renovators.

When the renovator has assembled his stock he first melts the butter and settles the curd and brine, skimming off the froth and scum. Then he draws off and discards the curd and the brine and follows this with a most ingenious method of removing any bad odors. He blows air through the melted fat.

Having thoroughly aired it he mixes with the fat while it is still melted and rapidly cools and granulates it by running it into ice water. It is then drained and ripened for several hours, salted and worked to remove any superfluous milk and finally packed or made into prints.

It is admitted that when this course of treatment is applied to comparatively fresh raw material, butter of low grades are decidedly improved. But when the renovated article is sold as the genuine, original thing, harm is done, for they are not at all the same in their composition. The fat are much the same, but the nitrogenous elements are not.

There is a very simple test by which any housekeeper can be reasonably certain whether she has real butter, the renovated article or oleomargarine. Put a sample of the doubtful butter about the size of a small chestnut into an ordinary tablespoon. Hold this over a flame, gas gasoline or alcohol, stirring the butter with a splinter of wood or a match as it melts. Heat it as brisk a boil as possible, and after this has begun stir thoroughly two or three times at intervals, especially just before the boiling ceases. Oleomargarine and renovated butter boil noiselessly, with a good deal of sputtering. Genuine butter usually boils with less noise and produces an abundance of foam. It is the difference in regard to the foam that is most marked.

PARALYSIS IN HORSES

This is a disease which comes on suddenly and is due to an acid in the blood. It sometimes affects the front parts as well as the hind parts, and the animal may come out of the barn feeling fine, ambitious, willing to go and often goes faster thon usual, but before it has gone very far it begins to lose its speed, hangs back, sweats profusely, breathes hard and begins to knuckle over behind, gets lame in both hind legs, and in a short time is unable to go any further, and often falls helpless on the road in a paralyzed condition.

The proper thing to do is to place him on a stone boat and haul him to the nearest barn, place him in a large, well-bedded box stall or on a barn floor, where he can be turned over often until he is able to get up.

Medicines should be given of a laxative nature and that will allay pain and counteract the acid condition of the blood.

An injection of warm water should be given to unload the rectum of its faeces, so that the animal can, if possible, urinate. If unable to do so the urine should be drawn.

A stimulating liniment or a mustard plaster should be placed over the hips and the body should be kept comfortably warm.

The animal should be given plenty of drinking water with the chill taken from it; a very little, if any, feed should be given before he gets up, and he should be fed on bran mashes and a very little hay after he is up until full recovery has been brought about.

SUMMER CARE OF TURKEYS

While it is true that as soon as turkeys begin to "shoot the red" they are comparatively safe from the troubles of early life, it is not at all good policy to neglect them and allow them to take their own course without care during the remainder of the season.

The way to make the most money from turkeys, says a writer in Poultry, is to secure the largest possible frames in the beginning and then cover these big frames with as heavy a coat of flesh as it is possiblet to get on them.

Because they can find a living for themselves the owner should not consider that they need no other feed beyond what the fields afford them. Growing turkeys should not be allowed to go a single day without grain feed of some kind. They should be given every evening a liberal feed of grain, of which corn should be the smaller part. This evening feed of grain keeps the young turkeys growing rapidly instead of making slow progress during thet hot weather. It also gets them in the habit of coming to the house every night, and they sleep at home instead of on the most convenient fence, as they often do when not fed daily during the summer.

When turkeys are brought up to be familiar with the owners they grow much better, because they are not worried at the sight of a human being, and live quietly, growing more rapidly because of their lack of excitement.

If milk is available it will pay to make cottage cheese for them every day in the year. The curd made by heating sour milk or buttermilk is very rich in those elements that go to make large frames and heavy flesh, and there is hardly any other way by which so much value may be extracted from waste milk.

It goes without saying that turkeys will not flourish in confinement of any sort. No one should undertake to grow them unless he has ample range for them, because they must have entire liberty or they will not make progress.

Meadows, pastures, and, after harvest, grain fields, are ideal ranges for turkeys. They are busy foragers and the insects they find give them the meat feed that is necessary to their best development. If the owner will attend to giving them a moderate grain feed every day he will find that his care and the cost of the feed will be returned many fold when it comes time to put the birds on the market.

LATE VEGETABLES

Although the farmer is in the harvest season, there still remains a number of vegetables that can be sown with profit. Early peas sown now will be ready for the table in September; bush beans can be brought into maturity about the middle of September; black-seeded Simpson lettuce will thrive, as it is a heat resister; endive will come in well for fall salads; cucumbers for pickles; summer radishes will be an attraction; spinach for autumn greens; should the weather be too hot collards can be sown instead of spinach; corn salad, if covered during the winter with litter will furnish fine salad next March; salsify, if left undisturbed till spring, will grow to twice the ordinary size; Welsh onion—the leaves of which can be used next March for seasoning; beets will give both autumn greens and winter roots; mustard will be ready to cook in less than a month after sowing; yellow turnips and rutabagas will come in just right for winter use.

It will not be too late to sow the above even in the fore part of next month.

Sweet corn, as a garden crop, may be planted up to the last of next month. Some farmers plant sweet corn to advantage whenever there is a strip of land for which they have no special use, and do not know what else to put into it. Should there be more corn than can be disposed of it is dried for winter use. Should the ears not mature sufficiently for use, the stalks make valuable fodder or serve an excellent purpose for winter—mulching spinach, strawberries, etc.

TRANSPLANTING SEEDLINGS

It frequently happens that the homegrown seedlings come on quite as quickly as the greenhouse ones, even though smaller when placed in the garden. Some homegrown plants a few inches high were set out at the same time some excellent greenhouse specimens were planted.

The latter were thrifty, large and just ready to bud, and the prospect of having an early treat from them was most promising. But though extra precaution was taken against wilting, one died and the change from artificial conditions was a shock from which the rest recuperated slowly. Meantime the homegrown plants forged ahead and ripened fruit a week or two in advance.

Before transplanting any young plant it is wise to let the roots soak in water several hours. By this means the pores are full of water and the plant is less prone to wilt.

Choose a cloudy day or plant at sunset, so that the plantlet may have all possible chance to get righted before the hot sun strikes it.

If it can be kept from wilting a great advantage is gained, as the growth is not checked. This may seem a small matter, but it means a great deal—not only a saving of a week in the growing period, but perhaps it avoids the repairing of lost vigor.

Put a cup of water in each hill before setting the seedling, firm the earth around the roots and protect with leafy twigs or a paper cap if the sun is hot.

MOTTLED BUTTER

Streaky or mottled butter may be caused by the salt, or it may be due to the working of the butter. The salt is so evenly diffused in the finest kind of butter that, as is shown by a microscope, every grain is surrounded by a film of clear and transparent brine, which points out the necessity of avoiding the overworking of the butter before the salt is added. In the first working every particle of milk should be gotten rid of, but enough clear water should be left to dissolve every grain of salt in twelve hours before the next working. If this is done there will be but little danger of streakiness in the butter, but to get the best results the sal should be very finely ground.

DIVERSIFIED FARMING

It is always refreshing and inspiring to see others doing good things and producing superior results, says the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean. The man who is doing things a little better than the average man is a benefactor to the race. If he demonstrates through his work and results that a better living can be made from certain conditions he is doing a work in the world of the highest economic order.

In recounting the work and deeds of man we are prone to select almost impossible ideal types, often so high that they are little understood, almost impossible to copy by the masses. We often pass by the good man who is doing valuable things in a small way and which in the end are worth more to the masses than many of the so-called great things that have popular airing. Many small good things are worth more to humanity than a few large things. The small every-day deeds are what feed, clothe, shelter, and educate the world. Every deed counts for something.

Farming is more becoming a business and science of the highest order. Land is becoming scarce or, rather the population is increasing so much as to make it seem that there are more people to occupy the land, resulting in each land holder having less average. This being the case, and since present-day living demands more than in days gone by, it remains for those who hold and cultivate land to make more of it than did the farmers of a generation ago. Each farm unit must become the scene of greater activity and greater production. Not only must two bushels of corn grow where only one bushel grew before, but the farmer must keep enough live stock of the highest order to profitably consume not only the two bushels of corn but the entire corn, plants, ears, blades, stalks, and all, returning a profit in animal growth and production and an equivalent profit in manure as a by-product for increasing and maintaining the fertility of the land he cultivates. Unless some unknown future means of fertilizer supply is discovered or developed it will become an absolute necessity for every farmer to practice diversified farming in order to secure needed supplies for fertilizers.

On the average farm we hold that diversified farming is by far the best method of securing the greatest permanent returns from the land. The growing of the plant crops and the breeding and keeping of live stock of some kind, or several kinds, are means of producing highly marketable goods and at the same time of manufacturing high-grade fertilizers at home, saving the cost of double transportation and making more efficient use of commercial fertilizers that may be purchased. Live stock and their products now command very high prices, and all indications point to the fact that they will be a very good price from now on indefinitely. The diversified farmer is able to make a living with the failure of a crop, or even with the failure of several crops, if he does not raise enough grain to feed his animals he can buy grain to feed them and at least not lose money on them; if the animal dies he can sell his grain. There is seldom an all-around failure of both plant and animal crops. Also, making the breeding and growing of high bred live stock on the farm a strong side line allow the farmer to turn to good account much roughage and waste feeds that could not be sold on the market or utilized to advantage in any other way.

GROWING BUSH BEANS

Bush or dwarf beans are easy to grow and are one of the best and most popular of garden vegetables. A succession of them should be planted and be coming on from the very earliest summer till after the first frosts of autumn. Beans of all kinds are somewhat tender and are easily killed by late spring frosts, yet they are easily and cheaply planted and risk should be taken in planting extra early. If the first crop happens to be caught by frost, it is a very easy matter to plant the same space over again and little will be lost by the trial, as one preparation of the soil will serve for a succession of crops.

For bush beans prepare the ground early in a dry condition, working it down to a very fine and even seed bed. Make the surface soil especially fine and loose, since the bean sometimes has difficulty in coming up in three or four days. Give the young plants clean and light surface cultivation to conserve soil moisture. A three or four shovelled horse cultivator may be used, but never hoe them while the vines are in the least wet or moist, as this will bring on disease. Plant a succession, about three weeks apart, up to the last of August in central latitudes. Pick the beans clean while they are green regularly or the vines will bear longer. If beans are allowed to ripen on the vines the vines will soon die.

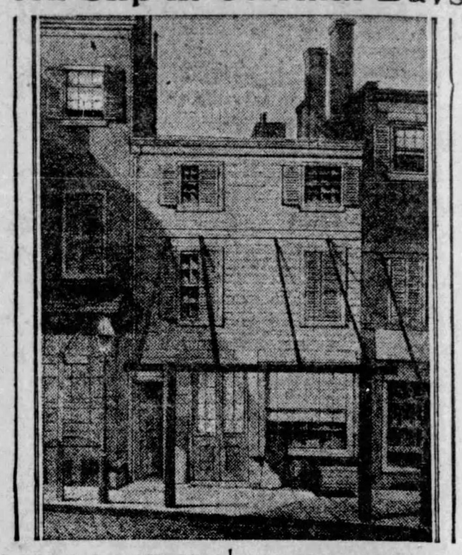
Making Fishermen Truthful.

Cleveland Leader.

Where is this present craze for truth and sordid realism to end? If it is allowed to go on unchecked and even unprotested, many of the delights of living will vanish. The material mind of today is unsympathetic toward flights of fancy, invention, artistic divagations, munchausenism, joemulhattonism and almost any exercise of the powers of human imagination. The Sunday editors of the New York yellow sheets, who once prided themselves on never getting within hailing distance of truth, now ballast their spreads with a growing quantity of facts.

With these curtailments, however, no reasonable man will find fault. Rather will he applaud. But the latest manifestation of the Gradgrind principle of facts and nothing but facts will be certain to meet with the determined opposition of all fishermen and the contributory rebellion of the world which has had so much pleasure from fisherman's yarns. Now there are lies which are malicious and destructive. They warp character; they destroy reputations; they bring financial and social disaster. But the taradiddles of the fishermen are not only harmless but full of hilarity. Moreover, they are sources of constant delight to those who appreciate the perfect art of narrative, unchecked by any sense of moral responsibility.

Peck Slip in Colonial Days



This old house, that stood at No. 7 Peck Slip, has long since disappeared. Peck Slip and the surrounding streets in English Colonial days has been described by the Rev. Daniel Van Pelt in "The City Under Governor John Montgomerie, 1728-1732," when he writes:

"Across the city, in a continuous semi-circular line, ran a succession of thoroughfares, which under the various names of Pearl street, Dock street, Hanover square and Queen street represented what is now known by the one name of Pearl street, from the Battery to Peck Slip. The city, we perceive, has already encroached to a considerable extent upon the East river. For whereas some years ago Pearl street and its continuations, under the several names just indicated, formed the river front, now both sides of these streets presented an almost unbroken line of houses for the entire length. Indeed, the street parallel to them and one block to the east, which had succeeded to the position of river frontage, was now also completely built up on one side from Coenties Slip to the present Fulton street (then Fair street). Taking a survey of the suburbs, of that portion which in 1728 corresponded to the district of today where are the 'One Hundred and Fifties,' or 'One Hundred and Eighties,' on Manhattan Island, or in the 'Annexed District'—a region hardly known to the downtown New Yorkers—the eye lights upon Broadway and the other sections of the city above Wall street. It is surprising to behold an entire vacant square where now the great Equitable Building rears its formidable proportions. The south side of Wall street is well built up, but the north side more sparsely. The Presbyterian church (between Broadway and Nassau street), the city hall (opposite Broad street), and the Bayard sugar house (between Nassau and William streets), destined to play a conspicuous part in revolutionary history, are the only structures laid down upon the plan. But from William street—then called Smith—down toward the river, the perspective of Wall street would have presented a very complete succession of dwelling houses on both sides of the thoroughfare. Above Wall street the streets or blocks that are solidly built up are rare. The 'Common,' or park, later the City Hall park, still remains. North of the present Cortlandt street stretches the 'King's Farm,' as yet undivided into lots. A rope walk extends along what is now Broadway from Park place to Chambers street."

On Cyclones.

Bill Nye.

For thirty years I had yearned to see a grownup cyclone, of the ring-tail-puller variety, mop up the green earth with huge forest trees and make the landscape look tired. On the 9th day of September, A. D. 1884, my morbid curiosity was gratified.

Cyclones are of two kinds—viz.: the dark maroon cyclone, and the iron gray cyclone with pale green mane and tail. It was the latter kind I frolicked with on the above-named date. My brother and I were riding along in the grand old forest, and I had just been singing a few bars from the opera of Whoop 'em up, Lizzie Jane," when I noticed that the wind was beginning to sough through the trees. Soon after that I noticed that I was soughing through the trees also, and I am really no slouch of a sougher either, when get started. The horse was hanging by the breeching from the bow of a large butternut tree, waiting for some one to come and pick him. I did not see my brother at first, but after awhile he disengaged himself from a rail fence, and came where I was hanging, wrong end up, with my personal effects falling out of my pockets. I told him that as soon as the wind kind of softened down I wished he would go and cook the horse. He did so, and at midnight a party of friends carried me into town on a stretcher. It was quite an ovation. To think of a torchlight procession coming way out into the woods at midnight, and carrying me into town on their shoulders in triumph! And yet I was once a poor boy! It shows what may be accomplished by any one if he will persevere and insist on living a different life.

A cyclone is a natural phenomenon enjoying the most robust health. It must be a pleasure for a man with great will power and an iron constitution to study more carefully into the habits of the cyclone, but as far as I am concerned, individually, I could worry along some way if we didn't have a phenomenon in the house from one year's end to another. As I sit here, with my leg in a silicate of soda corset, and watch the merry throng promenading down the street or mingling in the giddy torchlight procession, I cannot repress a feeling toward a cyclone that amounts almost to disgust.

Nature Tales From Maine.

Kennebec Journal.

Mrs. William Holbrook, of Harpswell, an ardent nature student, was much amused at a fight between her cat and some robins. The cat came rushing into the house pursued by two robins screaming with rage. He ran through the house, intending to escape by the front door, but was met on the porch by four more robins, very much ruffled

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

HELEN GOULD

Will you please print a biography of Helen Gould?—W. F. G., Millersburg, O.

Helen Miller Gould, the philanthropist, was born in New York city June 20, 1868. She was the daughter of Jay Gould. She received her education both in private schools and from private instructors. When her father died in 1892 she fell heir to a large fortune, which she has since expended liberally in a large variety of benevolent activities. At the time of the Spanish war she gave $100,000 to the United States government. She also contributed liberally to the Woman's National War Relief association, with whose councils she was constantly identified, and donated $25,000 for supplies for the relief camp of sick, wounded and convalescent soldiers. Miss Gould has also given over $300,000 to the New York university. She has given various sums of money to other colleges and schools.

DEATH VALLEY

Please tell what you can about Death Valley?—C. A. N., Hastings, Mich.

Death Valley is a low desert in Inyo county, California, near the Nevada border. The name of this region was given by a survivor of an emigrant party of 30 who, in 1849 or 1850, lost their way there and of whom, after enduring undescribable sufferings, 18 perished in the sands. No other such spot is known. This valley lies oblong from north to south. Its length is about 50 miles; width about 35; surface about 210 feet lower than that of the ocean. The Panamint mountains shut out from it the moist winds of the Pacific. The volcanic ranges surrounding the valley furnish it with borax. The valley is a long gray waste of desert, in which are narrow bands of white, made by thin deposits of borax. The Amargosa river flows through part of the valley. It is a sluggish, dead stream, the water of which is rapidly evaporated before it can enter the desert very far. At times, in the summer the heat registers 127 degrees F. A sand-storm playing in Death Valley is a wonderful sight. Sandaugers rise like slender stems, reaching up into the burning atmosphere for thousands of feet and terminating in a bushy cloud. They travel here and there and gradually fade from sight. Crows, mangy coyotes, buzzards, horned toads, red-eyed rattlesnakes, mice and mountain rats, besides a few poor jack-rabbits, are seen in the valley.

The only humans who live in the region are a few miners in the Funeral, Calico and Panamint mountains, some roving bands of Piute Indians and a few squaw-men owning cattle and horses.

Death Valley has been crossed many times at certain times of the year. Visitors to the valley should not go earlier than October 15, nor later than April 15; no one should attempt to cross it while a sandstorm is blowing; a gallon of water is needed for each person in a party, and three gallons for each horse.

WILLIAM S. TAYLOR

Will you please give a short sketch of W. S. Taylor?—J. H. S., Lanesboro, Pa.

William Sylvester Taylor, the lawyer, was born in Butler county, Kentucky, October 10, 1853. He was educated in the common schools of his native county. On February 10, 1878, he married Sarah B. Tanner. In 1882 he became clerk of the Butler county court, which position he held for four years. He was judge of the court from 1886 to 1894 and attorney general of Kentucky from 1895 to 1899. He was then elected governor of Kentucky, but was removed in 1900 by the General Assembly.

TURPENTINE

How is turpentine manufactured?—C. R. S., Osborn's Gap, Va.

The turpentine is gathered from the trees almost in the same manner as maple sugar. The turpentine oil is obtained by distilling crude turpentine, the latter being obtained from the trees. When the turpentine is distilled there results a solid called resin and a liquid, which, when pure, is clear and colorless. It is only by the simple process of distilling that the oil with which we are familiar with is obtained from the crude turpentine.

ALASKA

Please tell all you can about the climate and the gold fields of Alaska.—C. S., Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

The climate of the entire coast mountain and insular districts is dominated by the two influences of the mountain barrier and the Japanese "Black Current," which flows along it to California. The former shields the coast from the Arctic winds; the latter fills the air with warm vapors which the prevailing winds drive against the icy mountain flank, condensing them into almost perpetual rain or fog. The annual rainfall is from 60 to 90 inches, and the days of rain in a year average from 190 to 285. August and September are the specially rainy months. The temperature is less extreme around Sitka than in the districts east of the Rocky mountains. It rarely exceeds zero or 80 degrees. North and west there is greater cold, snow and wind. Along the coast of Norton sound, where the mountainous coast and warm current flowing into Bering sea still exercise a tempering influence, the weather remains milder than in the interior, with winters less long and rigorous. Still inside the mountains, where their shelter, the moderating current and the vapors are all absent, semi-arctic conditions prevail. Near the Yukon it is much colder than at Sitka, and the farther north the more arctic the temperature.

Gold was first discovered on Douglas island, in the Alexander archipelago, at the foot of Lynn canal. A corporation controls, at this place, the richest mines in the world, keeeping 1,500 stamps busy and making the island and the adjoining mainland one huge mine, connected by a tunnel under water. Exhaustless water power close by and the ore cars running down to the stamps by their own weight enable very low-grade ores to be worked at a high margin of profit. Profitable mines have also been opened near by, and the town of Juneau is built up by this interest on the mainland shore opposite. Other mines are being worked in various islands of the archipelago and along the shores, some at Sitka, some on Lynn canal. Placer mining and sand washing have also yielded a good return at Yakutat bay and on the islands and shores about Cook's inlet. There are many placers in the Yukon basin which yield large profits.

U. S. NAVY

Please tell me the names of the vessels in the United States navy, such as the battleships, cruisers, monitors and torpedo boats. I would like the names of all, or as many as possible.—W. A. C., Lakeview, Mich.

The following are the names of the battleships and cruisers, but there too many monitors and torpedo boats to give their names in these columns: The Connecticut, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kearsarge, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Massachhsetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Ohio, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Vermont, Virginia and Wisconsin. The Delaware, Michigan and North Dakota are being constructed. The Florida and the Utah have not yet been contracted for. The armored cruisers are the Brooklyn, California, Colorado, Maryland, Montana, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Tennessee, Washington and West Virginia. The protected cruisers are the Albany, Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Charleston, Chattanooga, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Denver, Des Moines, Galveston, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Newark, New Orleans, Olympia, Philadelphia, Raleigh, San Francisco and St. Louis.

MARVELOUS RAINS

At a recent storm in a certain place it rained fish in abundance. Please give your explanation of this.—H. P. K., Sharp's Chapel, Pa.

In times of storms showers of fish, crabs, etc., are frequent and their origin is not hard to trace. It is known that waterspouts are capable of lifting heavy objects high in the air and carrying them far away. These spouts will draw up the water of a pool, pond or river and with it the fish, which are sometimes dropped many miles away from the point where the void was produced. This is the cause of the showers of fish which accompany the waterspouts. These phenomena are rare in our latitudes; but in the tropics, or on the seas where the typhoon prevails, they are the cause of considerable disasters. We will add, though, that it never rains fishworms, as they crawl up out of the ground in a hard rain. They are sometimes found in tubs and other vessels, but they get there by crawling up the sides, being able to crawl up glass.

MAGNA CHARTA

Please tell about the Magna Charta.—F. G. W., Isabella, Tenn.

The Latin words, Magna Charta, mean simply the "great paper," the word charta, paper, eventually came to mean a legal instrument or charter. Magna charta was a paper duly signed by King John of England, guaranteeing in perpetuity certain rights and privileges. It was executed on June 15, 1215. The first demand for the privileges afterward granted in Magna Charta were made in 1201, and refused. But John was a tyrant, and a foolish ruler; and he was finally compelled, because his kingdom was endangered by his own rebellious barons, to grant what they required. Magna Charta was signed at Runnymede, which is not a town, but a narrow slip of "mead," or meadow land, on the right bank of the Thames, near Egham, about 20 miles west-southwest of London. This meadow is now used as a race track.

The Anglo-Saxon institutions and usages which were very favorable to liberty, had been almost suppressed by the Norman conquerers (William I, the Conqueror, a Norman baron, conquered England in 1066.) The Norman kings, in a conquered country, needed full and unchecked powers to hold what they had won. They exercised almost arbitrary authority. In the century and a half since the conquest the barons began to agitate for a restoration of the rights they had enjoyed under the Anglo-Saxon rule, and after a struggle succeeded in wresting them from the hands of King John. There is scarcely one of the concessions of Magna Charta which cannot be traced back, in principle, to Anglo-Saxon times.

Magna Charta was written in Latin, as were all legal documents at that time. Many of the passages are obscure, because of the disuse of technical legal phrases, then well understood. The most famous section, called the essense and glory of Magna Charta, runs thus: "No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or disseized, or anyways injured, nor will we pass upon him, nor send upon him, unless by legal judgment of his peers or by the law of the land." The "we" refers to the king. The meaning of the phrases, "nor will we pass upon him, nor send upon him," has been entirely lost, and no one can tell exactly what meaning attached to them at that time. The meaning of some other passages is equally obscure.

The general provisions of Magna Charta are these: It confirmed the liberties of the church, and redressed certain grievances regarding feudal tenures. It prohibited unlawful fines or punishments, regulated the forfeiture of lands, established the right of the owner of property to dispose of it by will, and established the law of dower. It protected merchants, and required uniformity in weights and measures. It guarded against delays or denals of justice, and brought the trial of issues within the reach of all freemen by means of new courts; protected every freeman from loss of life, liberty or property, except by judgment of his peers, or the law of the land; and the king promised that "we will sell to no man, we will not deny nor delay to any man right of justice."

MISCELLANEOUS

C. E. W., Henderson, Md.: We know of no such act which you mention.

F. B. M., New Martinsville, W. Va.: The Socialist vote for president in 1904 was 402,283 and in 1908 it was 448,453.

A. L. C., Dierks, Ark., and C. S., Payne, O.: We cannot answer your questions.

G. M. R., Glencoe, Okla.: Write to the minister of interior, Ottawa, Canada, for the information you want.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

By request we reprint the following: I read a recent article where a party invested $620 in improving a Mexican homestead and is now getting a regular income of over $1,200 a year from the sale of bananas. I am glad to say that I know this can be done. You can get a Homestead in Mexico, free, and do not have to live on it. All that is required is to have 1,000 banana trees planted within five years, and the Improvement Department will prepare the land, supply and plant the trees and care for them until they come into bearing, for about $600. You can pay this in installments of $5 a month, and in three years after your trees are planted, they will bring you a profit of more than $1,500 each year, if you superintend the work; but if you wish, the improvement Department will care for the trees and market your bananas continually, so you will not have to be in Mexico at all; they get one-third of the crop for attending to and marketing the bananas. This will give you a profit of more than $1,000 a year, from an investment of about $600. If you act at once and superintendent you can make $500 a year more. I know this from my own experience. It is a delightful country, never hot, never cold, and the health conditions are perfect. For full information address The Aztha Plantation Company, Block 319, Pittsburg Pa., as all English literature pertaining to these free Mexican homesteads is distributed from Pittsburg.

An Early London Motor Car.

London Chronicle.

Motor cars are not quite the novelty that some of us suppose. In the London Daily Advertiser of March 4, 1742, there is a description of "a curious chaise that travels without horses, lately arrived from Berne." It was claimed for this pioneer automobile that it could cover 40 miles in a day, and it actually ran from Hampstead to Tottenham Court in less than 40 minutes. This vehicle is said to have run with "charming ease," which is more than can be honestly said of some of its London successors of today.

Buried Treasures in Morocco.

London Graphic.

In Morocco it is customary for a man to bury most of his riches in a place known only to himself. This custom is practiced by all Moors, for they cannot trust their own family.

At the death of the head of a family in Morocco digging operations commence at once, but seldom is the money discovered. There must be many fortunes buried away in odd corners of the country. An instance came under the writer's notice at one of the coast towns. During the demolition of a house a considerable sum of money was found built into the wall.

Plan to Colonize 200,000 Negroes.

St. Louis Dispatch to New York Herald.

A $1,500,000 corporation with the colonization of 200,000 negroes in southeast Missouri as its object has been organized in St. Louis after ten years of effort by E. B. Hale, a negro, of St. Louis county.

It is Hale's plan to build homes for the negroes on 37,000 acres of land in Carter and Butler counties, on which his company has an option. The company will be conducted on the co-operative basis. All supplies for the community will be handled by the company, and all produce will be sold through it. A part of the land will be examined with the view of sinking iron and lead mines.

No white man will be permitted to live on the property.

Exception to the Rule.

Judge.

"I have a boy in my school of whom I am very fond,' said a New York teacher smilingly, "but I fear to think what his future may be.'

"Indeed? Does he evince criminal tendencies?" some grave person, who had missed the smile, inquired.

"Well, I am afraid he may become a writer for funny papers, the teacher suggested tentatively. "You see, I was having a history review the other day, and I asked this boy who was Peter the Great. He answered, 'A czar of Russia.'

"'And was there more than one Peter the Great?' I asked.

"He appeared to ponder for a moment, and then replied, 'No, Miss Mary; that was a case in which history didn't re-Pete itself.'"

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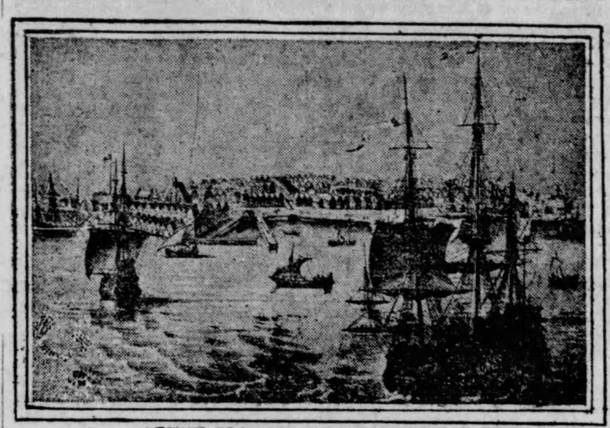
Send No Money, just your name and address and we will send you this fine CAMPBELL razor postpaid for a free trial. If at the end of 10 days you are fully satisfied, send us $1.45, our factory price. If unsatisfactory send it back. This is the greatest razor bargain advertised. Has a ⅝ inch blade extra hollow ground and made of the finest steel. The best and easiest shaving razor ever made. Fully guaranteed. STANLEY CAMPBELL & CO., 205 East 51st Street, CHICAGO FREE for 30 days—a $1.00 Hone given with every razor sold.

When Stuyvesant Was Governor



NEW YORK IN 1650.

When New York city presented this appearance Pete Stuyvesant was the governor, and he, according to Washington Irving, one day caused "the honest folk of New Amsterdam to quake for the fate of their matchless champion, Anthony, the trumpeter, who had acquired prodigious favor in the eyes of the women, by means of his whiskers and his trumpet. Him did Peter the Headstrong cause to be brought into his presence, and eyeing him for a moment from head to foot, with a contenance that would have appalled anything else than a sounder of brass—'Prythee, who and what are thou?' said he. 'Sire,' replied the other, in no wise dismayed, 'for my name is it Anthony Van Corlear—for my parentage, I am the son of my mother—for my profession, I am champion and garrison and of this great city of New Amsterdam.' 'I doubt me much,' said Peter Stuyvesant, 'that thou are some scurvy costard-monger knave. How didst thou acquire this paramount honor and dignity?' 'Marry, sir,' replied the other, 'like many a great man before me, simply by sounding my own trumpet.' 'Ay, is it so?' quoth the governor, 'why then let us have a relish of thy art.' Whereupon he put his instrument to his lips and sounded a charge with such a tremendous outset, such a delectable quaver, and such a triumphant cadence, that it was enough to make your heart leap out of your mouth only to be within a mile of it. Like as a war worn charger, while sporting in peaceful plains, if by chance he hears the strains of martial music, pricks up his ears and snorts and paws and kindles at the noise, so did the heroic soul of the mighty Peter joy to hear the clangor of the trumpet; for of him might truly be said what was recorded of the renowned St. George of England, 'there was nothing in all the world that more rejoiced his heart than to hear the pleasant sound of war and see the soldiers brandish forth their steeled weapons.' Casting his eyes more kindly, therefore, upon the sturdy Van Corlear, and finding him to be a jolly, fat little man, shrewd in his discourse, yet of great discretion and immeasurable wind, he straightway conceived a vast kindness for him, and discharging him from the troublesome duty of garrisoning, defending and alarming the city, ever after retained about him his person, as his chief favorite, confidential envoy and trusty 'squire. Instead of disturbing the city with disastrous notes, he was instructed to play so as to delight the governor while at his repasts, as did the minstrels of yore in the days of glorious chivalry—and on all public occasions to rejoice the ears of the people with warlike melody—thereby keeping alive a noble and martial spirit."

The Humbled Fisherman.

The Bohemian.

The Rev. Mr. Baitline had invited the local Fishermen's club to attend his Sunday evening service. Indeed, he had reserved this evening for the said anglers, promising those that came an interesting service.

"Gentlemen," began the minister, after the opening song by his strange congregation, as he stood erect in his pulpit to gaze down at the pewfuls of contented Izaak Waltons, "yesterday having been Saturday, many of you put away the cares and worries of business and hied yourselves away to favorite streams and mossy banks. As a result, I see before me benchful after benchful of liars!"

Unrest followed in the pews.

"Minister," broke out one brother in front, "if you included me in your accusation, it's the fact that yesterday I hooked a four-pounder and as nice a speckled bass as you'd wish to lay your eyes on!"

"As for me," added a second, "I came back with a two-foot pickerel and a broken line!"

"I played a bigger one than that," asserted the third, "and I landed him, too."

"Now, brethren," the minister calmly interposed, "in receiving these confessions and interruptions with patience, "be yourselves; be truthful. It's very easy to prevaricate, especially when you haven't the proof with you!"

"Well," again broke out the first fisherman, "maybe I did stretch my fish a little. However, I didn't stretch him much. I'll leave him at three pounds and a half."

"And I'll admit my catch was an inch short of two feet, and the line wasn't broken," said the second.

"And the whopper I had on my line got away," confessed the third.

The minister seemed triumphantly. "We are improving!" said he. "Come, now, you liars, repent! Out with the truth. It's only a step. Out with it!"

Again there was unrest in the pews.

"Minister," said the first angler, "for once I bare myself of guilt. In truth, all I got yesterday was four nibbles!"

"And, like my brother, all I experienced was an occasional nibble, for the day was bad for fishing!"

"The sun was too bright at my fishing hole yesterday," blurted the third angler. "I didn't even get a nibble."

"Bless you, brethren," said the minister, impressively holding aloft his hands. "After all, there is truthfulness in you, and there is humbleness! Now, let us rise and sing the beautiful Ninety-ninth Psalm, after which you'll file into the vestry, where I shall show you the five-pound bass I landed yesterday morning."

The Familiar Combination.

Youth's Companion.

A Boston young man had married a Chicago girl, and they had started on their wedding tour. Despite—or perhaps because of—their studied efforts to appear like "old married folks," their fellow passengers on the railway train had no difficulty in classing them as bride and bridegroom, and manifested their knowledge by winks, nods and grins.

An unfortunate accident to the dining car compelled the conductor to leave it on the side track at a small station, and it was several hours before the train stopped for refreshments at a town where there was a restaurant near the passenger station.

It was by no means a first-class restaurant, but the travelers had a first-class appetite, and they swarmed into it. With some difficulty the bride and bridegroom found seats, and presently a waitress came to take their order.

"Where's your bill of fare?" asked the young man.

"We haven't any today, sir," she answered.

"Nor any other day, perhaps?"

"No, sir."

"Well, what have you that you can recommend as being good to eat?"

"We have some nice pork and beans."

"Alfred," whispered the bride, "everybody seems to know that we have just been married, but how do you suppose this girl has found out that I am from Chicago and that you are from Boston?"

One Example.

Mark Sullivan in Collier's.

William Alden Smith, of Michigan, is one of the senators who have slavishly voted with Aldrich on practically every important ballot during the present session. (Aldrich is only one man. He would have only one man's power but for the servile senators who do as he tells them.) One of the newspapers in Senator Smith's home city, the Grand Rapids Evening Press, has been getting after him in especially able fashion. In the course of its criticism the Press says:

"As an observant public man you must have noted the fact that Senators Cummins, Bolliver, Nelson and Beveridge have behind them the almost solid sentiment of all the middle states, including our own. You must be aware that, judging by the expressions of the newspapers and of the people on the street, at least three-fourths of the people of Michigan believe that you misrepresent them in your votes in the senate."

The Press limits its generalities to the middle states. We believe that these words could just as truthfully be printed in the leading newspaper of any community in the country, with some few possible exceptions on the Atlantic coast.

Cheering Him Up.

London Globe.

"Bill," said the invalid's friend. "I've come to cheer you up a bit like. I've brought yer a few flahrs, Bill. I fought if I was too late they'd come in 'andy for a wreaf, yer know. Don't you look 'eartied, Bill. Lummy, don't you look ghastly! But there, keep up yer spirits ole sport; I've come to see yer an cheer yer up a bit. Nice little room your 'ave 'ere, but as I sez to meself when I was a-comin' up: Wot 'a orkard staircase to get a coffin dahn!"

Shady Streets of Dutch Cities.

Harper's Weekly.

The average Dutch town is an attractive place in the summer months, since practically every street and canal is bordered with shade trees, which shut out the glare of the sun and offer cool and inviting avenues for the exploration of the tourist. The banks of these canals are generally terraced in two levels—the lower one for warehouses and the upper one for shops or dwellings; but each elevation is planted with trees.

At best, a city is an exceedingly poor location for tree culture. Narrow streets and tall buildings exclude the life-giving sunlight; asphalt or closely paved walks prevent the necessary moisture from sinking into the ground and nourishing thirsty roots, and leakage from the gas mains is a deadly poison to the growth of all vegetation. For this reason care should be exercised in the selection of the variety of tree for street planting, in order to get the best results. In Holland time has demonstrated that the elm and linden should be placed in the first rank, for there are many examples of these species in Dutch towns which have withstood the ravages of more than two centuries. The elm appears to be the hardier of the these two trees, and will live under most adverse conditions.

The Dutch municipalities expend large sums each year for the preservation of their shade trees, but the results amply justify the cost of maintenance. In the last year the city of Utrecht asked each inhabitant 21 cents for its trees (2½ Dutch cents equaling an American cent) and The Hague spent 28 cents for the same purpose.

Sensational Finds at Yildiz Kiosk.

London Spectator.

The Daily Chronicle of Tuesday contains some curious stories about the investigation of Yildiz Kiosk after the late sultan's departure. A locksmith who was opening a safe warned those who were present to stand back as he feared an explosion. As soon as the door turned on its hinges pistols were fired automatically. The Eunuch Nadid, who is employed as informer, is taken through the palace with his hands fastened, but the movements of the investigators are very cautious, as it is known that there are traps and ambushes. In the part of the palace where the sultan lived there are movable planks in the floors, hidden rooms and so forth. The wax figures representing Abdul Hamid are said to be admirably made. They used to be placed at windows, or other visible points, in order to produce the belief that the sultan was there when he was really somewhere else. If these stories are true, the writers of melodrama will have to look to their laurels. Real life is more than "creeping up."

Prehistoric Reptiles in Stone.

Denver Dispatch to New York American.

Blind creatures resembling frogs and presumably of the dinosauric period, when, according to the geologists, this part of the earth was an immense ocean studded by the higher volcanic peaks of the Rockies, were unearthed alive in a sandstone bluff 3 miles west of Denver by G. D. Easton, a truck gardener Sunday afternoon.

Easton was digging in the side of the bluff on his premises when he found several spherical cavities. The cells contained a number of soft, mushy-appearing balls, which, when rolled out, proved to be living reptiles of another age, Easton claims. The creatures are of the Batrachian species and resemble frogs.

According to local geologists the bed in which the prehistoric reptiles were found was probably mud at one time, the chemical process changing the substance gradually to sandstone.

Who Bides His Time.

Who bides his time, day by day,
Faces defeat, full patiently,
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
However poor his fortunes be—
He will not fail in any qualm
Of poverty—the paltry dime,
It will grow golden in his palm,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltest tear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him drawing near;
The birds are heralds of his cause,
And all the air is ringing rhyme,
The roadside blooms in his applause,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time and fevers not
In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool wreathen laurel, wrought
With crimson berries in the leaves;
And he shall reign a goodly king,
And sway his hand o'er every clime,
With peace writ on his signet ring,
Who bides his time.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Could Avoid That.

Rabbi Stephen Wise, of New York, said epigrammatically at the Colony club:

"We face today two tragic paradoxes—first, the unemployed man, who has a right to work, and, second, the employed child, who has a right not to work."

A reporter complimented Rabbi Wise upon this epigram's brilliance.

"Brilliant or not, it is true," the rabbi answered. "It is particularly true in the child's case. The child, poor thing, is always getting the worst of it. Some legal and permissible way is always being found to do him wrong."

Rabbi Wise smiled.

"There was a little boy," he said, "who was given underdone apple pie for his supper. The little boy ate heartily of the pie, it disagreed with him and in great pain he roared lustily.

"A visitor said with a frown to his mother:

"'He's got no business to yell like that. If he were my child he'd get a good, sound spanking.'

"'He deserves it,' the mother admitted. 'I don't believe, though, in spanking him on a full stomach.'

"'Neither do I,' said the visitor, 'but you can turn him over.'"

Horses in Pantaloons.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

In the hot spring sunshine a good many horses wore sunbonnets.

"Equine sunbonnets are very well," said a veterinary, "but what would you say to equine trousers? You'll see them in Guayaquil. There the mosquitoes and green-head-flies are so thick that horses and donkeys, unless their legs are cased in cloth, become unmanageable in the pain.

"Guayaquil is in Ecuador. It is directly under the equator. The heat there is insufferable. Up and down, its narrow and foul-smelling streets in bluish clouds of buzzing insects walk horses and donkeys in sunbonnets and pantaloons."

Bargain.

An Ohio City man, who was detained at the house for a part of the day, handed his wife, who was going down town, a quarter of a dollar and requested her to get him three cigars for it, according to The Blizzard.

When she returned she handed him the package, remarking exultantly:

"That shows that women can beat men all hollow when it comes to making purchases. I found a place where I could get eight for a quarter instead of three. Isn't that going some?"

And the poor man, as he took his medicine, merely remarked:

"It certainly is, dear."

Poets and National Greatness.

London Times.

Victor Hugo once said in his lordly, generalizing way, that it was Shakespeare who prevented England from becoming only another Carthage; and it is indeed true that but for our great poets we should not hold the place we do hold in the opinion of Europe. Because of them we do not wince when we are described as a nation of shopkeepers, for they prove that we, like the Florentines and Venetians, are something more than that. Bourget has expressed the general wonder of cultivated foreigners that the English nation, which seems so matter of fact and even dull, should have produced two poets compared with whose works all other poetry seems to be prose; and these poets are the very two who are to be honored today in Rome. It is certainly a fact that more than any other nation we produce men of genius who vary extremely from our normal type, and we never have produced more wonderful poets than Shelley and Keats.

The Quality of Mercy.

New York Evening Sun.

"Well," said the Recording Angel, returning from his lunch, "anything new?"

"Quite a bit," said the clerk.

"Let me have it," said the Recording Angel.

"A number of public spirited gentlemen got together to turn the rascals out," said the clerk. "Some one arose and suggested that these public spirited gentlemen show their sincerity by making a pledge not to take any offices themselves. Each public spirited gentleman at once retired to a quiet place and said"—

"Sh!" said the Recording Angel, raising his finger, "Never mind what they said."

"And I put a black mark against each of their names," said the Clerk.

"Cross the marks out," said the Recording Angel.

"A man moved out of his apartment house," said the clerk, "because a baby cried in the court. He moved to another house on the express understanding (hat there wasn't a baby in the place. It cost him $50 to move, and he spent another $200 for new carpets and furnishings. The movers broke a pier glass and damaged an antique sideboard. The day after these were repaired the woman upstairs was visited by a pair of storks, each stork carrying a twin. The woman in question was a retired elocutionist, her husband was an opera singer, the twins were fretful, and the man who had just moved in said"—

"Sh!" said the Recording Angel, raising his finger again, "Never mind what he said."

"And I put a black mark against his name," said the clerk.

"Cross it out," said the Recording Angel.

Diseases of Wireless Operators.

La Tribune Medicale.

A French naval surgeon has observed facts which he thinks warrant him in attributing certain morbid conditions to overexposure to the electrical waves employed in wireless telegraphy. For the most part they have affected the eye, generally in conjunctivitis, though in one instance there was keratitis.

Eczema, too, has been observed, and the author thinks that many cases of neurasthenia are attributable to the current. He remarks that induced currents are a common product of the action of the apparatus, and intimates that these may cause trouble among other persons than those immediately concerned in the telegraphic operations. He recommends that operators be provided with blue or yellow spectacles.

An Heroic Accomplishment.

Washington Post.

A prominent Democratic politician, who lived at Allentown, was appointed to the position of naval officer at Philadelphia during the second Cleveland administration. While in the city he made a host of friends, and all of his waking hours, when he was not engaged in official duties, were spent with these gentlemen, attending various interesting and costly entertainments. At the expiration of his term of office he returned home, and his good mother, who was an old-fashioned German woman, said to him, curiously:

"John, what did you save during the four years you were in office?"

"Mother," he said, with a smile lighting up his countenance, "I accomplished wonders—I saved my life."

Not Lucky Enough to Get Hit.

Atlanta Constitution.

"My, my!" exclaimed the old man, as the automobile whizzed by, "Ef I could jest git one o' them things to run over me I'd git enough cash damages out of it to buy a mule an' hire a planner for Molly!"

DIAZ CHECKS YANKEES

No commercial conquest that the Diaz administration has made compares with the control obtained over the most important railroad lines in the republic, says the American Review of Reviews. The story of this conquest is one of the most fascinating and romantic in the history of finance. It marks an epoch in the movement toward government regulation or control of railroads of the country, controlled by foreign capital and operated by Americans, were extracting all they could from the republic and giving back as little as was politic.

They were wasteful of capital in directions that served no public good and left them poor for those developments that were legitimate and would have been beneficial to the shippers and the traveling public. In 1902 a start had been made through an investment of $4,500,000 in the narrow gauge Interoceanic railway, running from the City of Mexico to Vera Vruz. A year later stock control of the National railroad of Mexico, one of the main arteries of traffic from the American border to the City of Mexico, was obtained by giving up $5,000,000 in gold. This line was operated under government supervision three or four years before the idea was suggested of merging into one organization, four separate systems, with a combined trackage of 7,000 miles, or about 70 per cent of all the mileage in the republic. This action was precipitated by the attempt of American interests to secure control of the Mexican Central, which was then nearly bankrupt.

Out of this idea has grown the government system of railroads which penetrates practically every part of the republic, serving all of the important centers of traffic creation in the interior and extending its spurs to the gulf ports and to the ports that have just been opened on the Pacific side. By what almost seems to be a process of financial legerdemain the government secured control of this vast system, with an annual earning capacity of $30,000,000 and authorized capitalization of $650,000,000 at practically no outlay of money.

Grateful Trout.

Milwaukee Dispatch to the N. Y. World.

Now, this is not a fish story in the popular sense of the term, but a truthful recital of well-vonched-for facts, and if anyone does not believe it he can ask the man who had the experience, John Koerner, a Milwaukee alderman and other interested in baseball and West Baden trips.

A year ago, when Koerner was walking by a little stream above the springs, he noticed a large rainbow trout feebly wriggling.

Now John had rheumatism and he divined the cause of the fish's limp. He reached for the creature, which, seeing in Koerner a friend in need, allowed itself to be caught.

John took the fish to the hotel and put it in one of the springs, and when, in a few weeks, it became alive and spry, he turned it loose in the stream again, first marking it with a piece of silver wire. This year when John went to West Baden again, he walked by the stream. He suddenly heard several splashes and some water fell on his shoe. This was his trout. It had recognized its benefactor. Well and spry as ever, the fish leaped about to show its good condition, doing this every day when John appeared for his daily walk.

"Adam and Eve's."

From a Letter in the Chicago Tribune.

The papers referred recently to the erection of a "shaft" as a memorial to Adam, dwelling on the "fact" that it was the first monument to the first man. That may be so, but in Dublin, Ireland, there have been two edifices raised not to Adam alone, but Adam and Eve.

In the end of the seventeenth century a saloon was opened in Cook street, the sign of Adam and Eve. So popular was the sign that when the Franciscan Friars opened a church near by their prior, Father Francis Walsh, adopted the name to draw the citizens to another kind of spiritual consolation. It was an ill-fated building, though, for in 1714 it fell, bringing death to a vast crowd which had assembled to hear a famous preacher, Sylvester Lloyd, bishop of Waterford.

The church was rebuilt through the efforts of Bishop Lloyd, and from time to time additions have been made, till now it stands one of the finest Franciscan convents in Ireland. Some busybodies not approving of the quaint old title had it officially changed a few years ago into "The Church of St. Francis of Assisi," but the Irish are no lovers of new things, so the old cognomen stuck, and to Dubliners all over the world it is still old "Adam and Eve's."

Radium.

The Independent.

What will be left of it when at the end of, say 26,000 years, it ceases its mysterious activity, we do not know, nor has any person yet seen radium, that is, the metal itself, for not enough of its salts have been gathered to prepare it. The $150,000 worth that has been ordered will probably never be brought together in a single test tube. If it were, one would not like to be in the same room with it. For the faint fire mist which would be ever rising from it, like white salt, like a will-o'-the-wisp from a swamp has a potency that no man dreamed of a few years ago. This emanation will rot away the flesh of a living man who comes near it, causing gnawing ulcers, whether it can cure them or not. It will not only break down the complex and delicate molecules of organic matter, but will attack the atom itself, changing, it is believed, one metal into another, copper, for instance, into sodium, the fulfilment of another dream of the alchemists. And its rays, unseen and unfelt by us, are yet strong enough to penetrate an armorpatite and photograph what is behind it.

Little Girl's Long Journey.

Calgary News.

re re remembering remembering ings

Annie Brown, a 5-year-old Irish girl, has just reached Calgary after a journey of more than 5,000 miles, made absolutely alone from start to finish. During the trip she was well cared for by passengers on boats and trains, who became interested in her artless story of how she was going to Canada to meet her daddy, who preceded her eighteen months.

Annie's father, James Brown, is living on a homestead five miles south of Calgary, and could not spare the time to cross the ocean to act as escort for his little girl. Consequently he decided to have her make the long journey alone.

Keeping Time in Holland.

Baltimore American.

"Railroad time, as we generally understand the phrase in the United States, is a little ahead of the 'town' time, but in The Hague, the quaint old capital of Holland, all private and unofficial clocks and watches are kept 20 minutes fast," said Gerald Walthall.

"When it is noon in the railway station, postoffice, and other government buildings of The Hague the time pieces in the shops and the watches of the sturdy burghers show 12:20 p. m. Just what reason there is for this I don't know, although I asked enlightenment in many quarters. It seems a custom that has been handed down for generations, and the Dutch are too conservative to change the ways of their progenitors without some mighty inducement."

Just for Fun.

Harper's Weekly.

A Rhode Island farmer set a bantam hen on fourteen turkey eggs and great was the scandal thereof throughout the neighborhood. Friends from far and near dropped in for to see and for to admire the freakish feat.

"Sa-ay, Silas," asked envious Hiram Haggers, "how many turkeys d'yew cal'late ter git outer them aigs?"

"Oh, shucks!" Silas answered, "I ain't cal'latin' t' git many turkeys. I jest admire t' see that pesky little critter a-spreadin' herself!"

John Paul Jones' Log Found

Boston Dispatch to New York Tribune.

Quite by accident there has just been discovered among relics left by the late Trastus Perry Jewel, a Laconia (N. H.) lawyer, scholar, and collector, the log of John Paul Jones' ship, the Ranger, the first vessel of the American navy.

The find is one of the greatest historic value. Ex-Senator Chandler has taken steps to secure it for the archives of the navy department.

The beginning of the log appears to be in the handwriting of Paul Jones himself, and shows that before he went to France he made several trips to clear the northern Atlantic of British privateersmen and to do a little privateering himself. Lieut. Elijah Hall, of the Ranger, in the log gives a graphic description of the remarkable Ranger.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

AN OLD PICTURE OF TODAY

International Sunday School Lesson for July 25 Is "Paul's Second Missionary Journey—Athens." Acts 17:16-34.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

No phrase better describes the life of the western world today than the familiar sentence of Dr. Luke: "Now all the Athenians and the strangers sojourning there spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." That is present-day society. That is our modern city life. That is the genius of the village woman's club. That is the twentieth century newspaper. Our times are madly bent upon discovering the latest sensation in earth or heaven or on Mars, or in the mysterious ether that envelops us.

Let it be frankly confessed that a large part of the world today is engaged in a desperate endeavor to ward off inevitable jadedness. Our search for novelty is but an attempt to escape from ourselves. Dilettanteism is a hall-mark of our age. Enthusiasm is accounted bad form. Conviction does not comport with culture. A self-satisfied sitting apart and a cynical survey of the passing show is the favorite attitude of the modern man and woman.

The Ancient Center of Culture.

All this was even more true of Athens than it is of today, when Paul found himself in this one of the three great metropolises of the world. Athens had glory and pride. It was still a great city and had been a greater. "In its prime it sent forth more great men in one hundred years than all the rest of the world could show in five hundred." There were Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Aristides, Themistocles, Phidias, Xeno, Epicurus, Thucydides, Xenophon and Pericles. Cultured Paul, the university man, must have felt his nerves tingle as he moved amid the sculptures and architecture so closely associated with these great names.

His present problem was how to arrest and arouse this effervescing life of Athens upon a greater theme than ever before had come to its attention. He saw this visit to Athens as one of the great opportunities of his life. He proved himself worthy to stand with the best of the Athens teachers by his eloquent speech. He was not merely a missionary of the new faith; he was a great cosmopolitan and philosopher. His address was adroit, adaptable and skillful—an application of his own principle of "

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Paradoxical as it may seem, an idle rumor is always busy.

According to his latest picture, Edward Payson Weston feels fine.

Mr. Bryan favors prohibition for Nebraska. "What is a Democrat?"

Tennessee, it appears, has not succeeded in legislating everybody sober.

It is a rare neighborhood that can produce more than one perfect husband.

Even the Wright boys, successful as they have been, have their ups and downs.

Before automobiles were invented, what did people do who were in a hurry?

The Elgin board will have a job trying to fix the price of Standard Oil butter.

China is counting her four hundred million people just to see how many there are.

There is no place like home. Pedestrian Weston thinks maybe he will walk back.

Will kerosene butter bring about an increase of Mr. Rockefeller's gifts to education?

It is said that President Taft is worried. Better get him on the scales right away.

We have yet to hear a man from a dry county complaining of the quality of near-beer.

The college professor who declared the other day that woman is a savage is unmarried.

It is very kind of Mr. Bryan not to let President Taft go wrong for the want of advice.

Very few busy people pay any attention to what Chicago university professors say.

Suppose it would be impertinent to ask the shah of Persia if it is hot enough for him?

The fools may not all be dead, yet very few people seem to be rocking the boat this year.

Some people think twice before they speak and then don't say anything worth while.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has permitted King Edward to become quite chummy with him.

It costs money to take a census, but the people must be counted, whether they are worth it or not.

It is an unlucky farmer who hasn't picked up a smashed auto or two for his chickens to nest in.

When you want to find out which is the shady side of the street the best way is to ask a loafer.

There is doubt if petroleum butter, spread on his bread, will make the average man love the trusts.

There is a town in Indiana that does not possess a single patriot. Nobody will accept the postmastership.

"China decrees strangulation as the maximum penalty for opium fiends." That ought to cure 'em.

It is reported that a madman on Lake Erie was pacified by a piece of pie. It must have been cherry pie.

One man advertises for a wife who has no mother. He must have taken the mother-in-law jokes seriously.

It is all right to inspire children with confidence, but it is best not to advise them to swallow safety pins.

The strange feature of the case is that the California man who married twenty women won't admit that he is sorry.

If the President goes wrong it is not the fault of Mr. Bryan. He is ready at all times to tell him how to run the country.

Little Rhode Island will doubtless feel more or less crowded when congress adjourns and Mr. Aldrich returns home.

After having received a few words of advice from Mr. Bryan, President Taft doubtless feels that the country is absolutely safe.

It is comfortable to notice that the country's promised $2,700,000,000 crop of cereals is not all growing in the state of Kansas.

Bet there are times, away off in the jungle, when Bwana Tumbo would like to write a message, telling congress what he things of it.

A Toronto paper says he is a "honking, goggle-eyed, hunchbacked scorcher, defiant of law and a spreader of terror." Sounds pretty good, doesn't it?

An East Liverpool editor fell in love with and married the woman who sent him an original poem. That wouldn't happen more than once in a thousand years.

There are a million dollars' worth of jewels in the throne of the shah of Persia. Mohammed Ali, just now, however, would rather have something more nearly resembling a fire escape.

A New York surgeon has discovered a way of cutting out the appendix vermiformis without shedding any blood. If he could invent a scheme for committing the operation without a $500 bill he would bring a real boon to humanity.

SELF-DECEPTION.

The mind of a conspicuous fraction of American statesmanship works by curious and devious ways. It is convinced of its high talents for shrewdness, and, like the boy who sucked the eggs and ate the shells, believes it can hide the evidence.

Senator Aldrich put through his tariff bill with the help of the Democrats. Whenever he was in a corner he could always depend upon the votes from the minority side. Schedules, fought with vigor and tenacity by the insurgents, passed the senate as an express train passes a whistling station, because there were always Democrats in sufficiency who were prepared to ignore their national platform and the principles for which they were given endorsement by their constituents. Yet, with the exception of Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, all the Democrats voted against the senate bill on its final passage. These senators have gone on record as against the Aldrich bill. It was their votes that made the measure, but, charmed with the possession of what they consider political astuteness, they think the country will credit them with real opposition to the unrevised revised tariff.

Taliaferro, of Florida, who supported the unspeakable lumber duty, in exchange for a duty of 128 per cent on pineapples, thinks the has squared his record. Chamberlain, of Oregon, who has been marked so often with the Aldrich rubber stamp he is a deep sky-blue in color, nourishes the idea that he has made himself all right with the folks at home. Murphy J. Foster, colleague of Senator McEnery, was willing to vote high or low, maximum or minimum, just so the Rhode Islander would grant as high a tax on sugar as possible. He, also is ready to point to himself as the stern opponent of excessive protection.

The capacity for self-deception in our statesman intellect is unequaled except by the simpering spinster who said she had found that a mirror draped with cheese cloth was good for the complexion.

OHIO AND HER ORCHARDS.

The senate finance committee of the state legislature, by a transfer of funds somewhat confusing, created the Division of Inspection of Horticulture of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station in the spring of 1908. The first inspection has been completed and the report of F. H. Ballou, who was in charge of the work, has just been made public.

The results of the inspection are highly encouraging to all who are interested in fruit growing in Ohio. The state is keeping progress with advanced discovery and development. Particularly, the horticulturists of the valley of the Maumee were pleasing to Mr. Ballou.

The great business carried on by these representative Ohio horticulturists; their personal familiarity with conditions existing in various sections of our own and other states, from extensive travel and mingling with soil culturists in institutes, conventions and societies; their liberal mindedness in recognizing the obstacles to be overcome by culturists who work under very different environments, have so broadened their views of horticultural requirements in the different parts of Ohio as to render them in sympathy with all classes of growers who labor under these diverse conditions. Thus have they come into possession of those qualities which combine to produce true, earnest, helpful agricultural teachers. A substantial increase in the number of such men in our own and other commonwealths would redound to the steady advancement of horticultural interests and practices everywhere.

The Division receives so many inquiries and so many requests for personal visits and examinations that an extension service is forecast as a vital necessity. Ohio, by reason of soil and climate, is excellently fitted for fruit growing. It is essential that the agriculturists obtain all the information possible. A modest appropriation would found an extension system. The returns in wealth added to the state should repay the outlay at immense interest.

THE RACE OF PHILANTHROPY.

The distance to the tape is not the thing which causes the leader in a footrace to screw his face into a mask of agony. It is the contestant two feet behind him.

Consider the tortures of the foremost man in the race of the philanthropic millionaires. Andrew Carnegie, having had a good start, leads by $20,000,000. He scatters libraries over the hills and plains, in city and village, and his money chest is lowered by many pounds. He founds an institute for research in the realms of pure learning, he builds a music hall, buys a boat free of iron for the purpose of pursuing magnetic currents, and gives republics and kingdoms specimens of paleontological enormities. But to what advantage? At his heels runs one of deadly patience, frugal of his wind and mindful of his strength, John D. Rockefeller. As the two near the goal, the runner in the rear comes up with $10,000,000 spurts. Educational funds, universities, missionaries, cancer institutes, are shed by the trackside, $119,304,000 of them. Two more spurts such as that of last week, and the steadier runner is even with the leader. Then will come the tests of training and treasure. The last lap will be one worth living to see.

AN ENGINEERING FEAT.

A brief dispatch, which probably attracted little attention, announced the early end of the month that the tunnels of the Uncompahgre Valley irrigation project had met. The work is not completed, but the greater and the more troublesome part is through. The engineers in charge, probably for the first time since the ground was broken, feel they can dust their hands and rest.

The Uncompahgre project is one of the three largest of the twenty-seven irrigation labors undertaken by the federal government. The scheme was pronounced fanciful by private capital which was asked to undertake it. Only after incredible difficulties was the initial survey carried through. The Uncompaghre valley lies upon the lower side of the Vernal Mesa. Through a wild canon on the other side flows the Gunnison river, 2,000 feet from the summit of the Mesa. Daring men had tried to pass through the canon, but never came out alive. No boat could last in the terrible rapids. Finally, an engineer and an assistant fastened their food and surveying instruments on an inflated rubber mattress. They were beaten and torn and half frozen in the rushing waters. On the twelfth day the mattress was sunk. Rescuers climbed down the mountain side and dragged the two to safety. The notes made on the journey decided the government to undertake the task of tapping the river. A road was blasted out of the cliffs, a power plant constructed and the tunneling begun. This was four years ago. Now the hole through the mountain is finished. When the water is turned in it will drop 214 feet before it reaches a fourteen-mile system of canals. Ten thousand horsepower will be generated by concrete drops. The sale of this power, of factory sites, of water and 150,000 acres of farm land, is expected to repay all the costs of the government within ten years.

THE FALL OF A CHANCELLOR.

The resignation of Chancellor Von Buelow has a direct relationship with the approaching crisis between Germany and Great Britain. Von Buelow was caught between two fires. On one side was the insistence upon the support of the extensive naval program, upon the other the cries of a country overtaxed inequitably.

In a way Von Buelow was the victim of circumstances. Germany has made a tremendous gain industrially, yet the reichstag has been largely in the control of the agricultural interests which stubbornly oppose every advance in governmental method and has succeeded in saddling the heavier burdens of the empire upon the industries and the industrial workers.

Herr Bebel, talking of the injustice of the division of taxation, said:

> The representatives of agriculture in Germany obtain prosperity for themselves at the expense of the nation's life-strength, at the expense of the laboring masses, whose old-time vigor is being gradually sapped. It is a fact for some time recognized that in Germany for the past ten years the laborer, the farmhand, the small manufacturer and other wage earners find their health ruined by prolonged underfeeding and find that their wives and children, from the same cause, are sinking into premature sickliness. The main guilt of this is to be laid to the finance policy of the German empire.

Despite the class kinship with the manor owners, the government of the empire is strongly sympathetic toward the industrial. One of Von Buelow's tasks has been to conciliate the aristocratic land owners while striving not to lose the support of the liberal parties entirely. The work has proved too heavy for him.

THE BANISHMENT OF WAR.

The Persian revolutionists defeat the Cossack forces of the shah.

A Russian expedition is moving on Teheran to aid the Persian shah against the constitutional army.

Troops of Turks massed on the western frontier of Persia advance.

The controversy between Turkey and Greece grows more acute. Grecians say war is inevitable.

Japan reinforces her garrison at Mukden, in Manchuria. A clash predicted because of the Russians' failure to abandon Harbin as agreed to in the treaty of Portsmouth.

Bolivians at La Paz riot before the legation of ther Argentina minister, being angered by the findings of that country in favor of Peru in the matter of a boundary dispute. Chile is mentioned as a combatant in case Peru and Bolivia resort to arms.

Colombia in revolution.

A Spanish expedition is about to march inland in Morocco.

"Now is the hour England should strike," says Lord Rothschild of the looming conflict with Germany.

Isn't it about time for the members of the peace societies to hold another conference and felicitate one another on the banishment of war? Or for the mayor of Toledo again to pronounce the American immigration laws as the cause of universal strife?

THE UNWRITTEN LAW.

Is it not time that the unwritten law be cast back into the dusty closets of feudal proprieties and ancient folk-lore whence it was taken? To recognize such an influence is to bow to the half-savagery of the middle ages, to offer praises to murder and to issue a certificate of merit to the agent of assassination.

Recent trials have indicated not only that the plea of emotional homicide is failing in the courts, but also that sentimental hysteria is disappearing from the jury box. The imposing hypothetical question may find a witness—properly coached — ready to say yes at the end, but, with the company termed by the oratorical lawyers of the '50s "that sacred flame of civilizattion—an intelligent jury," one-half might be counting the buttons of the judge's coat and the other half snoozing. The presentation of new varieties of insanity is not uninteresting, but it has lost its mystic charm. The game is largely worked out. The unwritten law we have beheld invoked to excuse the avenger of an outraged fireside and with success. A jury in a recent sensational trial was divided in a case of murder brought about by a frenzy of jealousy. The argument was lost entirely when employed in defense of politicians who resented with firearms the criticism of a newspaper. Let us hope that the last American community has ceased to license murder by giving approval to the law unwritten.

TOTTERING AUTOCRACY.

"The work of pacification" undertaken by Russia in the territory of the late Persian shah will probably crush the revolution. The rebel army can prove no match against a trained European corps. But there is a prospect that in the diplomatic intercourse which must follow between the foreigners and the strong men of the disaffected provinces the liberal forces will gain many of their ends. Neither Russia nor England—should troops be sent in from India—can police all of Persia. Both countries need their soldiery for other purposes than conquest just now if the conquest is to cost heavily.

The Persian revolution is a part of a great world-wide revulsion against tyranny, a part of a universal demand for reform, for the banishment of ancient governmental rites and the extinction of survivals of superstition from the dark ages. The parliamentary impulse came to Persia from Turkey. All Islam has left it. Egypt is restless beneath the British protectorate. Mohammedan India stews with the ferment of revolutionary ideas. Even in the still savage country of Afghanistan the throne is not so safe from disaster as in the days before communication with the world outside.

Absoluteism is doomed. Monarchies no longer fit into the scheme of life. Kings and czars, shahs, sultans and caliphs, princes and dukes and the lesser tribe of nobles scatter before the sword of light.

AN OPPORTUNITY NEGLECTED.

At the close of the university season the country was treated with confessions of hopelessness of the collegiate institution on the part of certain distinguished instructors. "We have been wounded in the house of our friends," said one of them, angered by President Eliot's remarks that all the elements of culture might be gleaned from a row of books five feet long. And last week John D. Rockefeller, blandly ignoring the asperities and the admissions of failure alike, contributed $10,000,000 more to his educational fund, bringing it up to $53,000,000.

Is there not a good deal of misdirected effort in the expenditure of money on colleges and universities? It is said that nowhere in the world is it easier for a young man to get an education than in the United States. It is a remark that has been made for years. But is there any remarkable evidence of a spread of educational possessions? The fault, it strikes us, lies with the application of endowments. The foundations of long standing help those who have the money to carry them through the college years. They are sufficient in number and have sufficient income to meet the demands for decades to come. The philanthropist who would do the most effective good just now is the one who will provide technical course, systems of teaching and lecture services for those who must earn their living and possibly support families while they study.

In Germany the Socialists and the trade unions have assumed a heavy burden of expense in order to spread enlightenment among industrial workers. In Berlin a Workingmen's Improvement School conducts evening classes on political economy, sociology, German jurisprudence, the history of literature, history and rhetoric. In the winter of 1906-7 1,706 attended these classes, among which 146 only were below the age of 20 years; 1,056 were between 20 and 30 years, 248 between 30 and 40 years, and 50 were above the age of 40.

William Harbutt Dawson, writing of these classes in his most recent work, The Evolution of Modern Germany, says:

> The lectures are entirely scientific in character—it is socialistic economics, and more controversial, more personal, more human than the economics of the chair; though never swerving from the text—yet they are followed with undivided close interest by hundreds of hard-headed and hard-handed trade unionists, whose genuine thirst for knowledge is one of the most striking and at the same time one of the most pathetic things in the entire intellectual life of Germany.

There is that same thirst for knowledge among the manual workers of this country. It is evidenced by the tremendous success of the correspondence schools and the sale of technical books. It does not seem to be generally known that the Socialists of this country, though on a smaller scale than in Germany, are trying to spread learning among the unlearned masses. The work is not confined to economics, either. It is a reproach upon the educational systems of the states, a reproach of the waste of philanthropic efforts, that it should be left to a political organization and the trade unions to improve the mental equipment of those who have let the chances of their youth go by or to whom opportunities have been denied. Naturally, the bias of Socialism, the fantasies and idealities, become fixed in the minds of many night students.

The General Education Board is overlooking a great opportunity. One-fiftieth of its tremendous treasure, if spent where the spending is needed, would do more good than the entire sum divided among institutions already endowed.

STEEL AND BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

The statement of William Ellis Corey, president of the United States Steel Corporation, that European financial and industrial conditions justified the prediction of an unprecedented revival of business in America, gained remarkable support in the news developments of Wednesday.

It was learned that the American Radiator company had made purchases of pig iron to the amount of 40,000 tons within the last ten days. The Harvester trust has placed contracts for 75,000 tons. About 25,000 tons have been arranged for by cast pipe manufacturers and smaller interests have bought 100,000 tons. The increase in the number of orders has caused the larger independent mills to raise the price of steel bars, plates and structural shapes. The steel trust, it is reported further, is now running its furnaces and plants at 90 per cent of capacity.

A hopeful sign for the Lake Erie ports is the stimulation undergone in the ore-carrying trade in the last few weeks. About 3,900,000 tons less ore has been brought down this season up to July 1 than in the same period of 1907, but more than 6,000,000 in excess of the traffic to July in 1908. Only 60 per cent of the fleet has been in commission. The fact that several vessels have recently been outfitted indicates that the shipping people are counting on a livening of the trade. Stocks at the docks are running low. Furnaces, long idle, are being blown in every day. Vessel men of authority felt warranted this week in predicting a movement of 50,000,000 tons in 1910.

The steel trade is the barometer of industrial conditions. Manufacturers looking anxiously for improvement in the business weather, have kept close tab upon the production and earnings of the trust. They will have reason to feel elated by the developments of July.

THE ITALIAN IN THE SOUTH.

States below the Ohio and Potomac rivers have been complaining for several years of the lack of adequate labor. One of the forces which has worked against the regeneration of the south is that the immigrants have massed either in the large cities of the east or have moved westward. Furthermore, while farm land has increased in price in the north and west, it has fallen or has remained stationary in the southern states on the Atlantic seaboard.

Hopes are now held out for an improvement in these conditions through the liberality of the Italian government and of certain patriotic Italian citizens who have subscribed their time and energy to improve the lot of their fellow-countrymen in America. At an expense of $10,000 a year the government at Rome maintains a bureau of information in New York. This institution is bending its efforts to induce Italians of the farming classes to settle in the south. A colony has been established in North Carolina where comfortable houses are provided, a system of small payments arranged for advances made, churches raised and priests put in charge of them. Italians who have no experience in agriculture and no fondness for the life are appealed to to take their chances of employment and profit in the southern cities and industrial sections. They come in competition with the negro labor but little, but rather fill a gap in which the negro has been found unfit by reason of physique and inclination.

The south has some of the most fertile land in the world. Intelligent cultivation, it has long been pointed out, would make it a garden spot. Still prices have remained low. Immigrants have stayed away. If the Italians can be induced to settle there they will not only obtain homes and happiness, but will make themselves an invaluable asset to the south.

WHERE THE GERMANS GAIN.

A great commercial house in England announced arrogantly a few years ago that the world would accept its goods as it found them. If the material was not satisfactory the customer had the blessed privilege of going elsewhere. The trade in which this British concern dealt is now under German control.

The American consul in Odessa writes:

> Odessa has a well-established and growing telephone system. Some time aga the management sent an order to a certain manufacturing firm in the United States for a lot of instruments. The goods were desired at once in order to meet almost immediate demands. Delay succeeded delay in receiving the goods, and it was six months before they arrived, during which time the management was obliged to order from Germany supplies sufficient to provide the most pressing demands. Owing to this lack of attention on the part of the American firm, the local company has decided henceforth to order its supplies from Berlin and of German make. Perhaps this incident may serve as a reminder to American houses desiring foreign trade that if they wish to keep or gain it they should be prompt in filling orders.

Is America to rival the English in obstinacy and wrongheadedness? The bridge builders of the United States obtained contracts in Africa because they could work with swiftness and certainty. The incident was made much of. But the lesson, it would seem, was lost on some of our manufacturers.

WHAT BRITAIN WOULD FIGHT.

German prosperity is at the bottom of the British "scare." The Germans prosper. Their force is felt increasingly throughout Europe. * * * The British have been content, the Germans ambitious to learn. The British lean backward; the Germans lean forward.—Frederick Palmer in Collier's.

It should be interesting, in view of the constant reiteration that war is inevitable between Germany and England, to review the achievements in the empire which have caused the most complacent people in the world to behold airship fleets in the clouds of night and to take a shuddering delight in plays of mimic invasion. The English say the naval expansion of Germany is aimed at the destruction of the British empire, perhaps of the United Kingdom itself. In their hearts they mean the destruction of British commercial supremacy. The war, if it comes, will be England defending a control of the world markets. Germany will be entering battle to gain whatever markets she has not already seized by superior trade diplomacy. There have been other wars of commerce. This will be the mightiest of all.

The present expansion of Germany began with the close of the war with France in 1871. This victory, together with the establishment of the empire, put new life into the German people, gave them new ambitions, raised their pride and fixed their determination to be great among the nations. The stimulation of national feeling has been called "new youth." It was new youth in energy, in audacity, in the bravery to undertake great works and risk all upon adventure.

In 1871, there were only eight cities of more than 100,000 population; in 1880 there were fourteen. By 1890 the number was twenty-six and 1905 saw forty-one. This has not been altogether a movement from rural to urban life, but means largely an increase in Germany's population. The present rate of increase is figured as more than 800,000 every year. Until 1895 Prussia suffered a loss by emigration in excess of the annual increment. Since then more persons have entered the kingdom than departed. The loss in the eastern provinces, very heavy in some, has been offset by gains in the industrial districts and the large mercantile cities.

Prosperity, measured by a country's industries, is well indicated in Germany. In 1871 the entire coal output of the German states and Luxemburg was 29,398,000 metric tons. By 1905 the coal production had risen to 121,298,000 tons. Germany, from a country which consumed its output of fuel and imported large quantities, is become a competitor of Great Britain, exporting twice as much as she imports. The iron ore mined rose from 5,896,000 metric tons in 1872 to 26,734,600 tons in 1906. In the years between 1882 and 1905 the number of workers engaged in mining increased from 320,662 to 661,310.

The expansion which has impressed the world the most has been in iron and steel, machine making, shipbuilding and various metal working trades. The value of the annual output of pig iron has increased more than $106,000,000 in nineteen years. Most of the product has been absorbed for home consumption. In shipbuilding, in the chemical industries, in the manufacture and installation of electrical equipment and in the textile trades the pace has been as swift. "The Germans prosper," says Frederick Palmer. "The British have been content."

When Germany entered the world markets she faced a terrible competitor in Great Britain. But with German shrewdness the failings of the enemy were studied. It has been the British attitude for years to say to a customer, "Take our wares as you find them. We know our business." The German studied the customer, made the goods as the customer desired, packed them, cut them, finished them in accordance with requirements and specification. The development of the German trade schools and the technical laboratories threw all rule of thumb practice into the scrap heap. Exactness fixed by scientific formula became the word. An illustration:

An English dyer was offered a large commission provided he could give a certain shade. "I can do it pretty near," he said. "But it must be exactly true." "Well, I cannot promise to a nicety, but it shall be a good job." And that was all he would or could say. The work went abroad.—Quoted from William Harbutt Dawson.

Cities in the empire are not all accidents of growth and position. The case of Mannheim is that of deliberate reconstruction. This city is upon the Rhine and is the last port at which the larger boats from Rotterdam call. It has lived as a commercial center, getting a large part of the trade between Central Germany and the south. The prospect of a deeping of the Rhine threatened the prosperity of the city. A sum equal to $17.50 for every resident was voted. An estate was bought, docks laid out, railroad tracks placed and a model town for workers built. Industries were then invited to locate. The tract is now occupied by large works, the city is busier than ever before in its history and the population has increased 41 peer cent.

It should be apparent that Germany owes her tremendous expansion more to a spirit of endeavor than to geography or possession of resources. The home of philosophy, music and poetry is concerned, for the time, with material tasks. Perhaps some day it will go back to the books and the pianoforte. They are only incidents now. England would like to see the reaction come before her trade is lost, her prosperity shattered, her workmen migrated or out of work entirely. Seeing what Germany has done in material gains in the thirty-eight years since the war with France it is hard to conceive that England, even if the kaiser's navy should be swept from the seas, can maintain a commercial supremacy. The methodical mind, the deadly determination and the unresting energy, are against her. Germany without a Dreadnought might be just as formidable in the world markets. "The British lean backward; the Germans lean forward."

Fish Stories.

Salina Union.

Amos Godfrey, city clerk, of course, had to repeat his last year's fish story. In 1908, when the high water came up, Amos Godfrey went over to look at a farm near the old wire bridge site. There was a slough which the rising river had filled. Last year, Amos said, he had to stop at the slough waiting fifteen minutes for a fish to swim past so he could drive through the slough.

But fish stories grew with age and, very appropriately, Amos, in telling the story recently, said he had to wait 35 minutes for all that fish to get by.

"The biggest fish I ever saw," said Officer Stonebraker, "was out in Ellsworth county. The river was nearly up to the top of a railroad bridge. As the train was over the bridge a fish appeared. He flopped his tail, as fishes will, and the end of that tail struck a brakeman on the top of one of the freight cars and knocked him over into the river. We never did find the man's body. It is my opinion the big fish ate him."

"In 1903," continued another officer, "I was driving across a bridge near Marquette. The Smoky was boiling and up to the bridge. My wife and I were in the buggy and we had just got into the middle of the bridge when the darn thing sort o' raised and started. But the queer part of it was it went back stream. It was an exciting ride and we expected to be killed at any minute. A mile up at the next section the bridge had been washed out and, by George, this bridge dropped right in place of where the old one stood and we drove off. We couldn't understand it, but we looked back and saw the biggest fish we had ever laid eyes on. You won't believe it, but that fish raised the bridge, swam up stream a mile and dropped it down again."

A New Kind of Postal Card.

Philadelphia Record.

The advertising manager of a big business house in this city has invented a postcard which has been patented in this country and all over Europe, and will probably be widely used for advertising and souvenir purposes. It consists of an ordinary postcard with a round hole in the middle about the size of a quarter and a collapsible figure of rice paper pasted on the back. This figure may be any shape desired, and may be printed with the likeness of historic buildings or other things it is desired to reproduce. A puff of the breath through the hole fills out the rice paper figure, which assumes the wanted shape, and stays that way until again folded. It is an interesting novelty, and particularly well adapted to bear figures of buildings of historic or other interest. The collapsible card will also be made in the form of a bank, with a slot for coins. The inventor happened on this idea while building cardboard figures for his little daughter.

Both a Fish and Snake Story.

Atlanta Journal.

The largest catch of fish yet recorded is that which is reported here to have been made by Sid Phelan, Jr., of Atlanta, on his father's plantation near here on Saturday, when 500 fish were caught at one time.

The Phelan plantation is located on the Flint river, and there are a number of pools near by, caused from the recent heavy rains and rapid rise of the river. On Saturday Mr. Phelan saw what appeared to be a school of fish in one of these ponds. He examined and found that this was true and that the fish were being herded, as it were, by a large snake, which was swimming around them. He got a bucket and let it down into the pond where they were the thickest, and when he pulled it up the bucket was full of fish. There were over 500, each about an inch or so long.

Pins in China.

Consular Reports.

In response to an American inquiry regarding China as a market for pins, Consul General Charles Denby writes from Shanghai:

The market for pins in this district is a very limited one, being confined to foreigners, and of these there are less than 20,000 in Shanghai. The Chinese have no use for pins, strings and knots and loops meeting every requirement of male and female, young and old, to keep his or her garments securely and neatly fastened. The well-to-do native frequently adorns his or her outer jacket with showy glass or metal buttons, but these are purely for ornamental purposes, and pins, safety or other wise, find no place among the requisites of the housewife's sewing basket or toilet outfit.

Beauty and Fortune Have Fled.

Le Cri de Paris.

Once they had all the honors which beauty and fortune could attain. Today they are cruelly disenchanted. One is the Russian Countess Pavlona Lavetsky. She was received at the court of St. Petersburg. Her husband had castles, hundreds of serfs, millions of rubles. She had more jewels than the wife of a mahajarah. But the count, an ardent soul, joined hands with the revolutionists. Implicated in the Riga affair, he was shot. His possessions were confiscated.

A Tale of Buttons.

There was a single man who had
No buttons on his clothes,
A fact that made him very sad,
As you may well suppose.
He used to put those buttons on
In every sort of way;
With patient care he fixed them there,
And yet they wouldn't stay.

He hitched them on, he stitched them on,
Securely, one may say,
Then presently he found them gone—
What was the reason, pray?
In time, as surely you have guessed,
This man was much annoyed,
He beat his palpitating breast,
And with his tresses toyed.

A comely maiden passing them
Beheld his horrid plight,
And laughing cried, "You clumsy men!"
And fixed his buttons right.
Need more be said? They soon were wed,
Girls, hear the song I sing:
Because their buttons won't stay on
The men are marrying.

—Chicago News.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

The women of the church in a suburb in Chicago were soliciting money to pay for redecorating their house of worship. They were told, diplomatically, that if they would call on Casey, who kept the leading saloon in the village, they might get a good donation. They called. Casey met them genially, listened to what they had to say and promptly subscribed five hundred dollars. This was so much more than the solicitors had hoped for that they were much flustered, and could do nothing but stammer their thanks. Finally one of them rounded to and said: "Why, Mr. Casey, this is most generous of you. It will allow us to get what we want very much—a fine, stained-glass window."

Casey thought that would be the right thing to do.

"And, Mr. Casey," said the spokeswoman, "in view of this magnificent donation, isn't there something you would like to put on the window, some sentiment or some remembrance, or something of the kind?"

"Well," said Casey, "I think it would luk foine to have on th' glass, beehune th' two parts av it, in nate letthers, somethin' loike this: 'Afther Mass Visit Casey's.'"

Two neighbors in a Missouri village were arrested for fighting and brought to court. The judge asked the assailant to tell his story.

"Jedge," he said, "we war a-playin' of seven-up, seven pints t' th' game, two pints on the corner. I had bin losin' all day, Jedge, an' I had up my last two bits.

"I dole the kyards. He war two an' I war six. He begged an' I gin him one. He flang his queen an' I played my trey fur low. He flang his king an' I played my ten. He flang his ace an' I played my jack, and then, Jedge, then he flang his deuce, an' I hit him."

Success Magazine.

A Baltimore teacher was trying to explain the meaning of the word "recuperate."

"Charley," she said, "when night comes your father returns home tired and worn out, doesn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am," assented Charley.

"Then," continued the teacher, "it being night, and he being tired, what does he do?"

"That's what ma wants to know," said Charley.

Chicago News.

The Judge—"Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached an agreement?"

The Foreman—"We have, your honor."

The Judge—"What is your verdict?"

The Foreman—"We find the accused not guilty—provided he will leave town."

Philadelphia Record.

At a county fair out in Kansas a man went up to the tent where some elk were on exhibition and stared wistfully up at the sign.

"I'd like to go in there," he said to the keeper, "but it would be mean to go in without my family, and I can't afford to pay for my wife and seventeen children."

The keeper stared at him in astonishment.

"Are all these your children?" he gasped.

"Every one," said the man.

"You wait a minute," said the keeper. "I'm going to bring the elk out and let them see you all."

Philadelphia Inquirer.

"You've been courting me now for a number of years, George," remarked a girl to a young man, "and I want to make a little leap-year proposal."

"I—I am not in a position to marry just yet," stammered the youth; but——"

"Who said anything about marriage?" interrupted the girl. "I was going to propse that you stop coming here and give somebody else a chance."

Saturday Evening Post.

There is a fine old family living up in New York state that has plenty of servants, but has never had a butler, deeming such an appurtenance a frivolity. A time ago the son married a high-born Massachusetts young lady and the couple came home to visit the groom's parents.

The older sister, having ideas of her own about what the bride might expect, decided to hire a butler for the occasion and went to the city to find one. She asked the caterer who usually sent up their ice cream and such things when they had a party if he could furnish one, and the caterer said he could. He called in a clean-cut, fine-looking man of about fifty and told him to do what the lady wanted.

"What will my duties be?" asked the man.

"Oh, nothing much but to stand around and butler, and, mostly, give an imitation of an old family retainer who has been with us for twenty years. That's what I want most. I want you to make them think you have been our butler for a quarter of a century." The bride and groom came. There was a big dinner in their honor. The guests remarked the butler: calm, important, handsome and dignified.

"Old family retainer," lied the sister glibly. "Been with us many years. Couldn't keep house without him. I think it is lovely to have these old family servants. Now, James, there, is a perfect butler. He has been with us since I was born. Knows all about us and our ways perfectly. I consider James the finest example of an old family retainer—"

"I beg pardon, Miss," said James, coming up and breaking in on the conversation, "but will you kindly tell me where the refrigerator is?"

Lippincott's Magazine.

Souvenir spoons, knives, forks, plates, photographs, postal cards and what-not have been a perfect passion with the multitude. The thing seemed to have been carried a little too far when somebody at a reception to Mr. Wu, the Chinese ambassador, some years ago tried to snip off a piece of that eminent humorist's pigtail with a pair of pocket scissors; but even that was surpassed by a certain Chicago woman.

A stranger speaking of her to another woman observed that she had heard that she was a confirmed souvenir hunter.

"Not really a kleptomaniac, you know," she said.

"Oh, no, not at all," was the reply. "She is just the ultra of souvenir-hunting. I happen to know her, too. You see, some years ago she paid a week-end visit at our country place, and when it was "over" ——

"You missed your silverware?"

"No, indeed," was the answer. "My husband!"

Youth's Companion.

When the stringed band, hidden behind the rose and carnation screen in Mrs. Poole's dining room, began to play an air from one of Meyerbeer's operas, the daughter of the house turned hopefully to the young and apparently dumb stranger who had been told off to take her in.

Here was a promising opening for conversation.

"Do you like Meyerbeer?" she asked.

"I never drank a glass of one of those lagers in my life," the young man replied coldly.

Woman's Life.

A woman who visited the British Museum recently, inquired of an attendant: "Have you no skull of Cromwell? I have been looking all around for a skull of Oliver Cromwell."

"No, madam," replied the attendant. "We've never had one."

"How very odd!" she exclaimed; "they have a fine one in the museum at Oxford!"

Varieties

London eats 180,000 tons of fish each year.

A watch is composed of ninety-eight pieces.

Siberia has sixty days of rain each year, on the average.

The horses of the Soudan wear socks of camel's hair.

Sicily lost sixty thousand inhabitants by earthquake in 1693.

The average weight of the heart is from nine to eleven ounces.

The Chinese pupil reciting his lesson turns his back to the teacher.

Tulane university realized an endowment fund of $1,000,000 last year.

The prizes now being contested for by aviators number thirty-eight and are valued at $300,000.

The bark of the dog is an acquired habit. In his wild state he never barks, but whines and howls.

A trackless trolley in the streets of Vienna nearly a mile and a half long operates with success.

Two-thirds of the native population of Uganda has been wiped out by the sleeping sickness in seven years.

A new machine automatically weighs or measures a medicine and fills eight capsules while one is filled by hand.

The total number of immigrants coming into the United States since 1820, the year of earliest record, exceeds 26,000,000.

Chao Ping-chun, vice president of the Chinese ministry of interior, has been ordered to retire, owing to his opium habits.

If a human being continued to grow at the same rate as he does in his first year he would be sixty-eight feet tall at the age of ten.

The United States government maintains fifty-seven wireless telegraph stations and has ninety-six vessels fitted out with such facilities.

Up to a few months ago the guayule plant in Mexico was considered worthless. Then the plant was discovered to contain rubber, and now its market price is $100 a ton.

The census bureau statistics of electric lighting, electric traction and telephone companies shows a gross income for the three industries in the United States of $790,000,000 in 1907.

Water tanks of white pine used on railway work, states the Engineering Record, have in the past had a maximum life of twenty years, while the maximum life of cypress is twenty-five years.

The king of Siam does not confine his relationship to mother earth. He claims to be "Brother of the Moon, Half Brother of the Sun," as well as "Sovereign Arbitrator of the Flux and Reflux."

The government tests at Washington samples of the chain to be used on the gear of the Panama canal locks withstood tensile tests of 153,000 pounds to the square inch before the metal parted.

Brigades of exceptionally tall girls practically rule hospitality all over the country, declares the English Lady's Pictorial. They need not be pretty or intelligent, for they are expected to do nothing except be tall.

The sweetest town in the world is Grasse, in the foothills back of Cannes, on the French Riviera. All through the year Grasse is really one big bubbling cauldron where are distilled gallons, barrels, hogsheads of perfumes.

Mrs. Melba intends during this year's professional tour in Australia and New Zealand to write a book about the places she will visit. This book, she expects, will agreeably reveal the wonderful possibilities of her native country.

Helium is the ideal gas for all lighter than air airships, said Professor Erdmann the other day in a lecture in Berlin. Had Count Zeppelin used it, he declared, the catastrophe at Echterdingen last August would never have occurred.

The petroleum areas of the United States at present known are set down at 8,850 square miles, or somewhat larger than the state of Massachusetts; and the gas areas at 10,955 square miles, or slightly more in area than the state of Vermont.

Boston university, according to its new year book, has an attendance of 1,514 in all its departments. Of these 962 are men and 552 are women. The chief increases are in the college of liberal arts, the courses for teachers and the school of theology.

Next year's international exhibition in Brussels is to have a very uncommon feature. It is proposed to give an ocular display of the misery and poverty in which the Belgian home workers exist, with a view of bringing their needs under public notice.

Wrecks reduced the effective mercantile marine of the world in 1907 by 849 vessels, of 851,224 aggregate tonnage, exclusive of vessels of less than one hundred tons. Great Britain's percentage of loss was less than that of any other of the principal ship-owning countries.

On one of the Thousand Islands an enterprising American has started a pheasant farm. He expects in time to have four thousand to five thousand English golden pheasants on his island. As the nearest land is half a mile away, he thinks he'll be able to keep them at home.

In the Victorian era a young English woman was in the fashion if she attended half a dozen balls in the

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2708—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. Lawn, batiste, nainsook, dotted Swiss or china silk make up pretty in this stylish model. 5 sizes —32 to 40.

2608—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Dotted Swiss, embroidered batiste, plain or flowered lawn are adaptable to this model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2708—Girls' Slips—One with Princess front and other with high neck or low or Dutch round or square neck and long or elbow sleeves. A good model for nainsook, Persian or Victoria lawn, batiste or china silk. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2739—Misses' and Girls' Sack Apron, with high or low neck and long sleeves or oversleeves. Plain, checked or striped gingham, percale or chambray are all adaptable to this serviceable little garment. 6 sizes—6 to 16 years.

2432—Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt, closed at left side of front and with an inverted box-plait at center-back seam. Navy blue Panama cloth was used for this stylish model. 7 sizes —22 to 34.

2773—Ladies' Four-Gored Skirt, with an inverted box-plait at each seam. A good model for any of the season's suitings. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2856—Child's Reefer. Heavy linen, serge, flannel, or any material on that order makes up well in this stylish little garment. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2479—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Flowered cretonne or lawn are pretty developed in this model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2796—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, with or without removable chemisette and cuffs, desirable for bordered and other materials—6 sizes—32 to 42.

2880—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Coat, in 42-inch length. An excellent model for the present season, developed in linen, duck, rep, pongee, flannel or serge. 7 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2881—Misses' Shirt Waist, with one-piece plain sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves. Any of the season's shirtings are adaptable to this neat waist. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2982—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with one-piece or plain sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves. An excellent model for taffetas or surah silk, linen, lawn or batiste. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2973—Girls' Dress and Bloomers, the dress having high or Dutch neck. A good everyday and knockabout model for gingham, chambray, Indianhead cotton or linen. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

2964—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse closing at front, having removable shield and sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands, and knickerbockers. Linen, duck, serge, flannel or mohair are adaptable to this neat model. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

2076—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, with plaited flounce. A pretty and simple model for serge, Panama cloth, voile, mohair or linen. 6 sizes —22 to 32.

2741—Misses' Eight-Gored Plaited Skirt, closing with buttons down the front. Any of the season's materials are adaptable to this stylish skirt. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2957—Girls' and Childs' Apron. A good model for Persian lawn, nainsook, cambric or jaconet. 5 sizes—3 to 11 years.

2172—Girls' Tucked Dress, with Gulmpe. Cross-barred lawn, linen, Indianhead cotton, or shepherd's plaid are pretty developed in this style. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1624—Ladies' Sack Apron, with high neck and turndown collar or Dutch round or square neck. Any of the plain, striped or checked ginghams, chambray or linen make up well in this useful garment. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2966—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, closing at left side of front, having an attached nine-gored skirt, a removable chemisette, and long or three-quarter sleeves. Lavender linen was used in the development of this simple though stylish model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

12 QUART CASE WHISKEY For $5 Only

We ship full 32 ounce quarts—not 16 ounce pint bottles.

Our Offer: Send us $5.00 and we will ship you a case of Druggists' Extra Special Distillation Whiskey in 12 full 32 ounce quart bottles, (not 16 ounce pint bottles) to your nearest express station, without marks to betray contents. It is fine straight whiskey (no spirits, no compound, no blend, no imitation whiskey—nothing but straight whiskey.)

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(5 Premium Coupons, worth 50c, sent in each case)

Druggists' Extra Special Distillation Whiskey is put up for the Drug Trade in the Prohibition States, where a large demand for a pure, high grade whiskey exists. We are informed that the retail druggists usually sell it over the counter at $1.50 per bottle. This whiskey is pure, conscientiously distilled, guaranteed under National Pure Food and Drugs Act of June 30th, 1906, and is intended only for physicians' prescription purposes. We refer to Atlantic National and Barnett National Banks of our city and refund money to all dissatisfied customers just as cheerfully as it was received. (People who object to the word distillery can remit to The Ocean Co.)

This ad will not appear again, so mail an order today to

THE OCEAN DISTILLERY, Ageing Warehouse No. 32, Jacksonville, Fla.

BAD SHOCK GIVEN TO ALDRICH CROWD

President Makes Plain Demand for Lower Duties in Sizzling Statement Issued for Benefit of Congress.

Washington, July 17.—President Taft's emphatic declaration yesterday that he regarded the Republican platform as meaning, and the sentiment of the whole people as demanding, "revision downward" eclipsed in interest all minor and specific details of the tariff struggle in all circles here today.

The statement, issued late in the day, after a delegation of congressmen had appealed to the President for the maintenance of protection upon raw materials, particularly iron ore, wool, hides, oil and lumber, purported to be in outline report of the discussion which took place during the visit of the delegation, and especially of what the President said to the visitors; but the very fact that such a statement was issued at all, and in particular the emphatic conclusion of the remarks of the President thus reiterated, made it clear to all who studied the pronouncement that the President intended it virtually as an ultimatum.

Many read into the statement a barely concealed threat on the part of the President that if the bill reached him in a form which he regarded as unfaithful to the promises of his party and disobedient to the sentiment of the mass of the people he would veto it.

Makes Conservatives Bitter.

Few of the prominent members of either house of congress would discuss the statement for publication, and most of the utterances intended for quotation were of a perfunctory character, but in confidence many talked freely, and some of the conservatives very bitterly, some went so far as to say that the President's stand meant nothing less than the defeat of the bill altogether. One man said: "Now the stand-patters will become insurgents; the lines will all have to be re-formed, and nobody can forecast the outcome."

Those less excitable inclined to the view that the President had simply made a long foreseen move essential to the "logic of the game," and that it would mean the speedy dissolution of the opposition to downward revision, and the termination of the long fight with the bill at last in the President's hands substantially as he has all along desired and intended it should be.

To many observers the situation takes this shape: That the delegation which called upon the President yesterday brought to him first what they more or less frankly stated as an appeal for their political lives, and, second, as the demand of their localities respectively; that the President met these local and individual appeals with what he felt to be the broader demand of the nation as a whole. He declared that every one of the schedules involved was to be considered in the light of the evidence relating to each, and that for himself he intended to seek and to be guided by that evidence.

President's Position Strong.

Increasingly, the White House statement is regarded as, in some sort, an informal message to congress at a critical juncture, such as Mr. Roosevelt often chose for many of his directly addressed messages. It is conceded, even by the most bitter of the opposition that, by his attitude thus far, of "hands off," Mr. Taft has attained a position of enviable independence and that he has chosen an advantageous moment, when each house of congress has fully discussed the question and placed itself unmistakably on record, and their joint product is in the hands of a conference committee to present his views, not only generally to the people at large, but specifically to those who are in a position to act decisively upon the subject matter.

The general feeling today was that the President's pronouncement would inevitably have a profound effect, not only immediately upon the conference committee, but in the time intervening before the final vote in the two houses of congress, upon those representing both wings, especially of the Republican majority, whose official action now, and whose political future, after they go home, is so deeply involved in the outcome.

PRESIDENT'S STATEMENT CONTAINS PLAIN THREAT

Washington, July 17.—President Taft's statement, issued after yesterday's visit of the congressional delegation, was as follows:

"Mr. Young, of Michigan, opposed free ore; Mr. Mondell opposed free coal or reciprocity with Canada, and free hides; each on the ground that the policy would injure the interests in his state, and a discussion was participated in by other representatives, who urged that the doctrine of free raw materials was not a Republican doctrine.

"The President replied that he was not committed to the principle of free raw material, but that he was committed to the principle of a downward revision of the tariff, which he had promised, and that he was obliged to look at the matter, not from the standpoint of any particular district, but from the standpoint of the whole country, and also from the standpoint of responsibility for the entire Republican party.

"He said the question in each case was a question of fact, to be determined by evidence as to whether the present duty was needed for protection or whether the rate was excessive, so that a downward revision, or putting the article on the free list, would not injure the industry.

"He repeated the platform of the Republican party and said that he had always understood that it meant a downward revision in many instances, though, perhaps, in some few instances, an increase might be needed. He said that he reached this construction of the platform on what he understood to be the principle of protection and its justification, namely, that after an industry was protected by a duty equal to the difference between the cost of production abroad and the cost of production in this country, including a fair profit to the manufacturer, the energy and enterprise of American business men and capitalists, the effectiveness of American labor and the ingenuity of American inventors, under the impulse of competition behind the tariff wall, would reduce the cost of production, and that, with the reduction of the cost of production the tariff rate would become unnecessarily high and ought to be reduced.

"This was the normal operation of the tariff as claimed by the defenders of the protective system—not in every case, but as a general rule—that, of course, a revision of the tariff could not be perfect, must have defects and inconsistencies; but in so far as his influence went, when called upon to act in connection with legislation, it would be thrown in the direction of performing the promises of the party as he understood them; and that if iron ore and oil and coal and hides did not need protection, and the conditions were such as to enable the orc producers and the oil producers and the coal producers, and the producers of hides to compete successfully, without reduction of wages, with the producers from abroad, then they did not need a duty and their articles should go on the free list.

"It was a question of fact which he hoped to make up his mind with respect to, on such evidence as was available to him in order to carry out what he understood to be the promises of the party to the whole people.

"He said he felt that his position as the titular head of the Republican party and as President, with the whole people as his constituency, gave him a somewhat broader point of view than that of a single member of congress in respect to articles produced in his district. He felt strongly the call of the country for a downward revision within the limitations of the protective principle and he hoped to be able to respond to that call as he heard it, as well in the interests of the party as of the country."

SENATE WILL NOT YIELD, SAYS ONE OF CONFEREES

Washington, July 17.—"Do you happen to know," asked one of the senatorial tariff conferees on his way to the meeting today, "whether the representation as to the President's attitude on the tariff is correctly represented by the papers this morning?"

The question was addressed to a newspaper man, who assured the senator that there could be no doubt that the President had been properly represented.

The senator's reply might have been forecasted from his countenance. Evidently he was much depressed and most uncertain as to the outlook. "Then," he said, carefully weighing his words, "the outlook is discouraging indeed. While it is not stated in so many words that the President will demand free raw material, such is the tendency, and if such should be his demand, it looks to me as if it would be impossible to get it. The difficulty would be in getting a bill with free raw material through the senate. For instance, I do not believe that the senate could be induced to pass a bill putting hides on the free list."

With this expression, the senator turned into the conference room to take up the details of the schedules, and no more information could be obtained from him at that time.

This senator's expressions are only more extreme than those of others. The conferees of the two houses are adjusting their differences with a reasonable degree of rapidity. They have been in session for about a week, and have made quite as much progress as the more conservative of them had expected they would. Starting out with the bars well up between them, they have gradually taken them down one by one, until intercourse has become very free, if not actually cordial.

The best of feeling pervaded today's conference, and it has become quite evident that if left to themselves the members of the conference would be able to bring out a bill at no distant day. They have gone so far as to make it reasonably certain that any bill which they could report would make some concession to those who demand a duty on raw material.

The fact that the President has taken so positive a stand as he has, has had the effect of shifting the controversy from the two branches of congress between themselves to the President and congress as a whole. From this time forward it looks as if the question would be, not what the house will concede to the senate or the senate to the house, but how much the conferees can concede and still make sure of the acceptance of the conference report by the two houses of congress.

The great difficulty of meeting the President's demands, if they are as extreme in the direction of free raw material as is feared by those interested, will be encountered in the senate, where the raw material states have greater proportionate representation and where there is no cloture rule. In the house, as a whole, the tendency is toward the President's position, but some of the house conferees lean toward the senatorial view.

No one goes so far as to predict that a feasible way will not be opened up for escape from the situation. Nor does any one especially condemn the President for holding out for the fulfillment of his campaign pledges. On the other hand, the senators from the raw material sections urge the vital importance to those sections of the acceptance of their views. While the best of personal good feeling between the White House and capitol exists, the interests involved are so large that it is evident that congress will not yield readily and it is very doubtful whether the President could get free raw material if he should demand it.

The cotton schedule was the first thing taken up by the conferees today. Because of the contention that the rates levied by the Dingley law on various classes of cotton goods were not in all cases collected, the senate redrafted the entire schedule, substituting specific rates for the house ad valorems wherever possible.

Representative Payne, chairman of the committee on ways and means, was of the opinion that the senate's specific rates were higher than the ad valorems of the house bill were intended to be, and in order that he might have time to look into the facts the cotton schedule has been passed over.

As soon as the conferees met today, Mr. Payne informed Mr. Aldrich that he was ready to consider the cotton schedule, but that he would like to have the senate's position explained. The finance committee has depended upon Senator Smoot for its information relative to cotton duties and he was sent for to explain the reasons for the changes made by the senate.

After some discussion the conferees agreed to a reduction of 5 per cent in the Dingley rates on women's and children's dress goods made of cotton warp.

NAVAJOS BECOME PROSPEROUS

Indians Are Better Off Than Ever Before.

Washington, July 14.—The prosperity wave has even reached the Navajo Indians in the vicinity of Genado, Arizona. Never in the history of that tribe have they been more prosperous than at the present time, according to advices just received by Commissioner of Indian Affairs Valentine.

They have increased their herds of sheep 25 to 50 per cent; have received a good price for their wool, and have sold nearly fifty per cent more blankets than in any previous year. They are taking a greater interest also in farming than heretofore.

RICH MAN WOULD BE SLEUTH

Renounces Luxuries and Joins Philadelphia Force.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 14.—Arthur H. Mulholland, who was sworn in as a sub-patrolman a few days ago, is the only wealthy man, so far as the records of the police bureau show, who has given up a life of ease and joined the regular police force so that he may attain his chief ambition in life and become a great detective.

Officer Mulholland is earning $2.25 a day as a sub, but by strict attention to orders and watchfulness on his beat he expects to become a regular and finally to gain the coveted appointment as a detective on the central staff.

Mulholland is worth at least $200,000 and enjoys a handsome income. He is 28 years old, is well educated and is a pianist of considerable ability.

TO HARMONIZE TRAFFIC

Herbert Knox Smith Shows How Transportation System Is at Odds.

Washington, D. C., July 19.—Co-operation between railways and waterways seems absolutely necessary to insure a reasonable and efficient use of the inland water courses of this country.

This conclusion is reached in the report of Herbert Knox Smith, commissioner of corporations, in Part II. of his discussion of the subject of Transportation by Water, which his bureau has been investigating for many months. The second part of the report was transmitted to President Taft today. It deals with traffic by water, and portions of it are particularly suggestive and significant.

It is pointed out by Commissioner Smith that "it is a public evil that the entire transportation system of the United States should be, as now, at odds with itself through destructive competition, while the transportation needs of the public suffer."

"Traffic in itself," the report continues, "is a necessity for the proper development of a waterway. State and federal work must be supplemented by private initiative, especially in terminals and equipment, and private initiative will come in only when there is reasonable chance of enough traffic to make it profitable. One of the great questions, therefore, is the question of how to secure for the inland rivers and canals a reasonable share of the country's traffic."

Bulk Goes By Water.

In the body of the report Commissioner Smith points out the predominance of bulk traffic by water, and the reasons therefor. Then he outlines the practical results to be obtained from a thorough system of waterways. The entire transportation system of the country is divided into three great classes:

(1.) Rail.

(2.) Deep water, that is, coastwise and Great Lakes.

(3.) Rivers and canals.

An enormous increase has been shown in the rail traffic. There also has been an increase in the coastwise traffic. On the other hand, the river and canal traffic shows a marked decrease. Discussing this situation, Commissioner Smith, in his report, says:

"The great mass of the coast and Great Lakes traffic is bulk. The enormous development of the Great Lakes business is largely due to the vast ore and grain trade moving eastward and the coal trade moving westward. About 45,000,000 tons of ore were transported in 1907 eastward, and about 17,000,000 tons of coal weremoved westward in 1906. These great freights, being all bulk and of uniform character, received and delivered at a few central ports, have produced there a very highly organized system of transportation and terminals, and consequent low transportation cost.

Canal System Loses.

"The river and canal system, on the other hand, has been losing steadily. The New York canals and the Mississippi river system illustrate this. Up to 1855 the traffic on the New York canals was more than twice that of the railroads crossing New York state. It is now less than 3 per cent of that total. The situation on the Mississippi is illustrated in the traffic history of St. Louis. River shipments there in 1890 were over 600,000 tons; in 1906, 89,000. Rail shipments, on the other hand, increased from 5,000,000 tons in 1890, to 17,000,000 tons in 1906.

"The coal traffic down stream from the vicinity of Pittsburg, over 56 per cent of the entire vessel traffic on the Mississippi system, is the one striking exception to the general decline on that system. Its success is due to the great deposits of coal practically on the banks, and a corresponding demand for it along the river. But even this traffic is practically confined to the banks of the rivers, and goes neither inland nor along the Gulf coast for any considerable distance.

"The situation of water transportation in the Mississippi valley is significant and serious. It shows best both the limitations and the possibilities involved in the present waterway problem. There is no lack of freight in that valley, and there has been at times extreme traffic congestion there, and yet the river is getting only an insignificant and decreasing share of that traffic. It is true that physical conditions, such as extreme changes in water level and enormous deposits of sediment, affect transportation seriously. But probably more serious is the competition of the parallel railroads. The situation there justifies the general conclusion of the report that rail competition is one of the most important factors in water traffic."

SELECTS CHINESE MINISTER

President Taft Names Son of Chicago Manufacturer.

Washington July 16.—Charles R. Crane, of Chicago, vice president of the Crane company, has been chosen by President Taft to represent the United States as minister to China, succeeding W. W. Rockhill, who was taken from China to be ambassador to Russia.

Mr. Crane is the son of Richard T. Crane, founder of the firm. Charles R. Crane is about 40 years of age, a great traveler and linguist. He has been seventeen times to Russia and speaks the Russian language. His uncle, professor Williams, was professor of Chinese at Yale and wrote a book on China.

WINS HER HEART

Food that Helps Baby and the Family Pleases Mother.

Show a mother how to feed her baby so that it will be healthy, rosy and plump and grow up strong and sturdy and the mother's gratitude is everlasting.

A mother says: "Five weeks ago I weaned baby but could not get her to take any kind of food until I tried Grape-Nuts, which she relished from the first, and on it she has plumped up and blossomed into a fat, chubby little girl.

"I feed Grape-Nuts to her regularly—use three packages a week for baby and my three-year-old boy alone, and I find that it regulates and keeps them nourished, strong and in good health all the time.

"Since feeding my children on Grape-Nuts I have used absolutely no medicine for either of them. Such food as this that does such wonders wins its way to a mother's heart. Please accept our thanks for the good your food has done in our family, where we all eat it."

Children will grow up strong and healthy, or weak and puny according to the food they get.

Grape-Nuts is a complete and perfect food for adults and children, is made on scientific lines and this is easily proved by trial.

Look in pkgs. for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

TO EXTEND MARKET

Charles R. Crane, Newly Chosen Minister, Proud of Appointment.

New York, July 17.—Charles R. Crane, of Chicago, the newly selected minister to China, who is stopping at the Century club in this city, has issued a formal statement regarding his acceptance of the post, which he says he regards as of exceptional importance because of the present commercial opportunity in the Far East. "One of the principal aims of my incumbency," says Mr. Crane, "will be aiding American enterprise to secure and maintain an adequate foothold in a country which promises to be the richest market of the world.

"My reasons for accepting the Peking post are not a result of hasty action, but spring from ideas and opinions which have been formulating for years. I may say that highly complimented as I would be by any opportunity to serve my country in an honorable capacity, I would not have accepted any other position in the government.

"Indeed, I would have hesitated to accept this post under different circumstances but the fact that President Taft, in whom I have great confidence, is personally familiar with the issues of the eastern question, and that this knowledge probably will assure a progressive and enlightened American policy in China, and that the representatives of our government there will have sympathetic co-operation at Washington, makes me willing to undertake a responsibility which otherwise might seem too onerous. Secretary Knox's attitude toward China, as already indicated by his energy in promoting American interests there, also encourages me.

"In my opinion, China is now the focus of the world's greatest international problem, and I regard the interest of the United States in this problem as fundamental. I can think of no foreign nation in whose progress, prosperity and security the United States has greater interest. The great industrial expansion which China is just entering upon opens an immense field for American enterprise, and our government should aid in securing and maintaining a foothold there. If during my incumbency at Peking I can contribute to improving the relations of America and China, and to cementing the community of interests which binds the two nations together, I shall feel satisfied."

SPURNS VAST RICHES

Roosevelt Does Not Want Millions.

New York, July 15.—The Outlook, out today, has an article by Theodore Roosevelt entitled "Give Me Neither Poverty Nor Riches." It says in part:

"It is to be wished that some of those who preach and practice a gospel of mere materialism and greed, and who speak as if the heaping up of wealth by the community or by the individual was in itself the be-all and end-all of life, would learn from the most widely read and oldest of books that true wisdom which teaches that it is well to have neither great poverty nor great riches.

"The movement which has become so strong during the past few years to secure on behalf of the nation both an adequate supervision of and an effective taxation of vast fortunes, so far as their business use is concerned, is a healthy movement. It aims to replace sullen discontent, restless pessimism, and evil preparation for revolution, by an aggressive, healthy determination to get to the bottom of our troubles and remedy them.

"The multi-millionaire is not, per se, a healthy development in this country. If his fortune rests on a basis of wrongdoing, he is a far more dangerous criminal than any of the ordinary types of criminals can possibly be. If his fortune is the result of great service rendered, well and good; he deserves respect and reward for such service—although we must remember to pay our homage to the service itself, and not to the fortune which is the mere reward of the service—but when his fortune is passed on to some one else, who has not rendered the service, then the nation should impose a heavily graded possessive inheritance tax, a singularly wise and unobjectionable kind of tax. It would be a particularly good thing if the tax bore heaviest on absentees."

RATE RULING IS VIOLATED

Four Big Express Companies Are Charged With Transgressions.

Washington, July 16.—Rates on the Adams Express Co., the American Express Co., Wells Fargo & Co., and the Pacific Express Co., between New York city and Boise, Idaho, and points similarly situated in the intermountain territory, according to a decision of the interstate commerce commission, "in almost every instance violate the general principle that a through rate shall not exceed the lowest combination of the local rates between the same points."

This sweeping holding was made yesterday in an opinion in the case of the Boise Commercial club against the express companies named.

FIRST GUNS ARE FIRED

Honolulu, July 16.—Under the direction of Captain William H. Platt, of the ordnance department, the eight great mortars of the Fort Ruger defenses on Diamond Head Point were fired for the first time yesterday.

The test of the guns, which command the only approach to Honolulu harbor, and are the first of the coast defenses to be installed, proved thoroughly satisfactory.

THAW FEARED TYPHOID

Wanted Twenty Tons of Ice to Cool Off Jail.

White Plains, N. Y., July 15.—Evelyn Nesbit Thaw was at hand and ready to testify for the state, which is opposing her husband's release from the Matteawan asylum for the criminal insane, when the fifth day of the hearing on Harry K. Thaw's mental condition was begun before Justice Mills in the supreme court here today, with Dr. Otto Meyer, of New York, on the witness stand.

Dr. Meyer testified that he saw Thaw first at the White Plains jail October 8, 1908, and discussed with him, at that time, the episodes included in a hypothetical question which the witness had prepared on which to base an opinion of the prisoner's sanity. On subsequent visits to the White plains jail and at Matteawan asylum the physician talked freely with Thaw, he said, and got him to tell the story of his boyhood days. Dr. Meyers related a conversation upon one occasion when Thaw told him he feared he was going to have typhoid fever and suggested that his rooms at the jail should be cooled off with twenty tons of ice.

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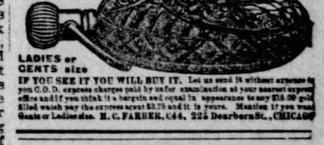

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AGENTS WANTED **EARN $7 DAILY, SELLING** the Dr. Haux Famous Perfect Vision Spectacles. Cheapest and cheapest on earth. Write for sample, terms and dealers terms. Dr. Haux Spectacle Co., B130, St. Louis, Mo.

WOMAN Listen: A secret every married woman should know; particulars for 2c stamp. Secret Formula Co., Fountaintown, Ind.

ALMEDA CON. MINES CO.—500 shares at a bargain. P. O. Box 707, Portland, Ore.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marrigeable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Ideal homes in the Famous Red River Valley. Farms from 160 A. up. Near markets, schools, churches, telephone and mail delivery. $25 to $40 per A., easy terms. Let us show you. F. S. Tinslar, Drayton, N. D.

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MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY. Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314 F. F., Kansas City, Mo.

BOYS END CRUISE

Are Trained for Service on Ocean Liner by Tour of World.

London, July 16.—Thirty-nine stalwart English lads have just returned to London after their first voyage around the world in the full-rigged ship Mersey, the only sailing vessel maintained by a great steamship line—the White Star—for the purpose of training boys to become officers in the Atlantic liners.

Owing to the difficulty in obtaining suitable officers the idea of a special cadet training ship occurred to Bruce Ismay. As a result the Mersey was obtained and dispatched with forty lads on board, in addition to the officers and crew, from Liverpool in August last upon her first voyage to Sydney.

On the voyage out one of the boys, named Ward, was swept away by a heavy sea and drowned.

"The lads have done well," said E. F. Steele, the first officer, "and have managed to pick up a lot of knowledge which will be useful to them. Nearly all of them can steer the ship well. I think this scheme is the best yet devised for training officers for passenger steamers, and one calculated to make officers who are good seamen and know their work from A to Z." In addition to taking their turn in the work of the ship the boys attended school class each day during the voyage under the mastership of Lieutenant F. C. Cross, R. N. R.

Several of the boys, clad in their smart cadet uniforms, recounted their experiences of the voyage. "It has been a good time, if the work has been hard," said one. "In every part of the duties on shipboard we have had to bear our share—scrubbing the decks, tarring, painting and so forth.

"We had some terrible weather on the voyage, and I shall never forget the gale blowing when poor Ward went overboard. All the ship's company were summoned to their posts, and we stood by, but it was too wild and rough to do anything. Some of the finest sport we had was fishing for sharks with a huge hook and a bit of pork for bait. We caught several by that means."

INVENTS ELECTRIC TORPEDO

Swede Patents Machine With Range of 5,000 Yards.

Stockholm, July 15.—A new dirigible torpedo, recently patent by a Swedish inventor, has aroused great interest in Swedish naval circles. The projectile is operated by electricity. It is said to have a range of 5,000 yards and its course can be altered while submerged, from the point of departure, at the will of the operator. Furthermore, it can be exploded whenever desired, and it has a speed of thirty knots an hour at any depth.

EMS WIN 26 TO 16

Uncle Joe" Doesn't Root Party to Victory.

shington, July 17.—Deprived of from "Uncle Joe" Cannon and the committee, the house Republi- were badly beaten by the house crats at baseball yesterday. 26 to 16.

certain that grown men never worse ball, but it is doubtful shington's league park ever saw re exciting game. The first in- started cautiously, with two to each team. In the second Democratic eyes solved the rid- of the delivery of Representative the tall, lathy West Virginian. the bombardment ended, be- of sheer Democratic exhaution, en had trotted across the plate. the fifth inning the downtrodden blicans connected with Webb, the North Carolina youngster ng against them. When Webb's n ascension ended the Cannon- had scored ten times and were red to swing a stick or move a

the beginning of the sixth, with score 14 to 13, in favor of the crats, excitement was tense. By time, however, Gaines had just th strength left to toss 'em , underhanded, while Webb was rming like "Robby" against Co- s. The Democrats wrote twelve tallies on the score and the Re- ans could gain no more than in the sixth and seventh. There ame ended, 26 to 16, in favor of minority, and the Rooster would crowed had any voice been left "Uncle Joe" Cannon went away gust before the sad finish.

MAY MEET UNDER CANOPY

Officials Plan Details for Taft Conference With Diaz.

Washington, July 15.—A meeting between President Taft and President Diaz, of Mexico, now being practically assured, the President and his cabinet are giving some attention to arrangements for carrying out such an unusual and notable event. Presidet Taft has never met his executive neighbor, but long has cherished the hope of doing so. Correspondence is being carried on between the two.

Mr. Taft, it was said today, having taken the initiative in expressing a wish that the heads of the two great republics of North America might come together, various details of the meeting, now expected to take place at El Paso about the middle of October, are to be worked out carefully.

Some suggestions have been made that the two executives grasp each other's hand under a canopy erected midway of the international bridge at El Paso, or that they in turn visit either end and etxend their well wishes at those places.

ENGLAND GETS ANOTHER SLICE

Adds to Her Empire 15,0000 Square Miles in Siam.

Washington, July 15.—Great Britain secures about 15,000 miles of territory in return for which she makes some very important concessions to Siam, by the terms of which the British-Siamese treaty, which was negotiated March 10 and has just been ratified.

Politically Great Britain gives to Siam partial release from extra territoriality on condition that Siam gives to her as "quid pro quo" certain guarantees of improved courts for British subjects and right to property and travel.

UNION OFFICER HELD

Business Agent Is Accused of Bomb Throwing.

Chicago, July 16.—The holding of Vincent A. Altman, assistant business agent of the Carpenters' union, to the grand jury on the charge of placing the bomb exploded in the downtown district the night of June 27, presages a bitter contest between labor unions and the police.

Altman's friends declared his arrest was a "bluff" and that he would be released by the court. Instead, Judge McSurely held him to the grand jury under $20,000 bond.

The carpenters of Altman's union have a volunteer detective force at work and charges have been made that the police are afraid to arrest the real bomb thrower, who they say is in possession of information that the police have protected gambling in this city for years.

The testimony in the court hearing was the first during the entire two years that bombs have been thrown, in which evidence of any strength was introduced against a suspect. Altman is charged with throwing bomb 31, which did great damage to the plant of the Chicago Telephone company and surrounding buildings. The prisoner declared that the charge was a lie and that the men who identified him never had seen him before.

As to the question of the motive behind the bomb explosions—gamblers' war or labor troubles—the situation so far has continued mysterious. The police, however, declare that the whole bomb throwing mystery is about to be cleared up.

HELPED INDICT JEFF DAVIS

Muskegon, Mich., July 17.—William Fay, part owner, when the civil war broke out, of the tobacco warehouse which became famous as Libby prison, and a well known scout after his union sympathies forced him to leave his home in Richmond, Va., died today at his home at Lake Harbor. He was born in Massachusetts in 1822. Fay was a member of the grand jury which indicted Jefferson Davis for treason.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

New day, new hope, new courage! Let this be oh soul, thy cheerful creed.

MONDAY

If you would be happy, remember there is but one way—it is more blessed, it is more happy, to give than to receive.

TUESDAY

Life is too short for any bitter feeling;
Time is the best avenger, if we wait.
The years speed by, and on their wings bear healing—
We have no room for anything like hate.

WEDNESDAY

Why not create around you an atmosphere of happiness and helpfulness so that all who come in touch with you may be cheered and made better?

THURSDAY

Here's a motto, just your fit,
Laugh a little bit.
When you think you've trouble hit,
Laugh a little bit.

FRIDAY

Do not put off until tomorrow any good you may do today.

SATURDAY

If today the skies are overcast,
Somewhere we know the sun is shining still;
Its silver radiance brims the lowering clouds,
And we may catch its glory if we will.

Duty of Parents to Children

One hears a deal about the duty of children to parents, but observers of human nature are of the opinion that there is also something to be said on the point of parents' duties to their children. That the elders fulfill the requirements of juvenile minds and bodies there is rarely any question, but as to whether they do this, as a rule, when children begin to grow up, is another matter. Something more than food and shelter must be included in daily care if there is to be friendship and the affection that may exist, and it is a sad fact that this state is unusual between the two generations. That it is so undoubtedly admits faults on both sides, and a failure of parents to make this concession is frequently a reason for the situation becoming strained.

It is probably hard for either father or mother, and more especially the latter, to realize that their children are old enough to be entitled to opinions, that little minds and bodies have grown until each owner must have outlet for individuality. Along with this is the difficulty, and sometimes the utter failure, to keep abreast of the times, so that frequent negatives and denials meet requests that are proper now, though they would have been impossible a generation ago. Somebody has written, "Times change, and people change, and if our hearts do not change as readily so much the worse for us," which I consider very true. Such a condition is bad all around, but when it applies to children and parents it is the elders who have the worst of it in the long run; for with each year of their lives they become more and more dependent upon the younger generation for consideration and care, if not of all kinds, and if the parents have not grown with the offspring the outlook is not happy.

Understanding and toleration, as well as ability to broaden mentally with increasing years, are probably the fundamentals necessary for loving companionship between children and parents. Sad to relate, human nature is more apt to narrow than broaden with the acquirement of years, and a person who can prevent this adds happiness to her life as she gets older; for she will be loved, because there is a gentleness and sweetness in her nature that is impossible in youth, but which youth appreciates deeply.

It is a mistake for parents with girls and boys just grown to think that fathers and mothers are not wanted around simply because they are older. It is because they are either intolerant or over assertive, in either case making themselves persona non grata. The duty of a parent, after a child has been trained to a sense of right and wrong and had the courtesies of life instilled, is to assist, not to drive; to suggest, not to order. If a good moral foundation has been laid by the same parents in the early life of the child, the mistakes that are made by the younger generation will not be serious. They will commit errors, of course; so did their mothers and fathers before them. With the best will this cannot be prevented, but to be ready to help kindly, tactfully, not didactically, to rectify them, is one of the great missions of parenthood to children who are grown, or nearly so.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

LOVED THE DINNER BELL

I want to come into the Cozy Corner for a little chat. It does me good to read the letters from the other women, but I want to do a little of the talking. Newcomer is not the only one who has worked in the field. When I was a little girl I worked in the field all day long for my father. And when the dinner bell rang I was happy, for I had a man's appetite and could appreciate the sweet music as it reverberated over the fields. I used to ride home on the horses, and that was great fun. But those days don't come back, however much I may sigh for them. I don't work in the fields now, but in my mind I often live those days over. I'm inclined to differ with the brown-eyed "schoolmarm," but I think all the sisters of the Cozy Corner are all right. Every week I am anxious to get The Blade, just to see what they have to say. I think the editor is fine to bother with us and print what we talk about. I like the tone of Farmer's Wife's little speech. I know that every word she says is gospel truth. Out on the farm there are so many things to do all day long. Until twenty years ago I lived on the farm, when we came to town to rust out. Here is my opinion of happiness: I think good health, cheerfulness and a little money make a grand mixture. In a way, I believe, the world is getting better; and, again, I am inclined to think that crime is on the increase; but perhaps we hear more of it than we did in the old days. I haven't said much, but I thank the editor for letting me get these things off my mind.—Daytona.

LISTEN TO GRANDMOTHER

Please let grandma say a few words. I have been a reader of The Blade for a long time, and have never knocked at the door of the Cozy Corner. Here are a few gentle taps, with the hope that I may gain admission. I enjoy reading the letters, and the many happy thoughts that are suggested give me much comfort. Fern Leaf's pleasant letter gave me thoughts of my father and mother. How I would enjoy having them sit at my fireside! To see children treat their parents coldly makes my heart ache. I am the mother of four children, all grown-ups, and I have no fear that I will ever be cast aside or pushed out of the way. My children all have homes of their own, but they know that they are welcome to come to the old nest. God has been good to us. We have four grandchildren, two boys and two girls, but He thought best to take one away. She was a dear little girl with blue eyes and brown curls, but He doeth all things well, and we must abide by His will. Let us try to be as God desires, loving and kind to all, old and young.

I live in dear old Oregon, the most beautiful state in the west. It has been our home for twenty-three years. We said good-bye to Michigan in 1886. I do not want to close this letter without expressing good wishes to all Blade readers.—Grandma.

BE TRUE TO OURSELVES

Hoeing in the garden is hot work. I want to come into the Cozy Corner and cool off. I came in contact with the good old Blade last fall. This is how it happened: One day a neighbor asked me if I would not like to take The Blade. I replied in the affirmative, saying it would do to use on the shelves. Since then I have discovered that it is the finest kind of paper, and I wouldn't try to do without it now.

I am very much interested in the work of raising children. I am the mother of three, two boys and one girl. I believe in answering children's questions truly. I think it the only way. If we are true to ourselves we do not look for falsehood in others.

I live in Delaware county, Ohio. We have a dry county and fine schools. In regard to our "Johns," I say let them frighten up the home. Their work is from sun to sun, and a woman's work is never done. Father should not sit around and act the gentleman while mother slaves. He should take care of the children now and then and let mother rest. A neat wife and a well-kept house are adored by most men. And here is a little secret. My husband seems to be perfectly satisfied and happy. I am not a lonely woman, but I will just sign myself, in the way of a poor little joke—Delaware Loney.

PET NAMES ARE DEAREST

When I was a little girl my father used to call me Chubby, and I like it yet. What a world of sentiment and love cling to the pet names that were given us in childhood! They are sweet and musical, and seem dearer than all other names. But if I am Chubby, can't I have a little place in the Cozy Corner? I am a West Virginia farmer's wife, and we have horses, sheep, cows and hogs. For mine I raise chickens, and I believe that the very thing for every farmer's wife to do is to raise poultry. We have been married twenty years and we have three children. My husband is kind, we have a nice home, and I am happy, and I have never stopped to think whether the world is growing better or worse. It is bright and beautiful to me.—Chubby.

A WILLING HELPER

I'm not very chatty, but I have a few things on my mind. I am from the Blue Grass state, and I love my old Kentucky home. I do not believe that any state has more beautiful scenery than ours. But scenery is not all that we have. We raise some good crops—hay, corn and tobacco. Something has been said about farmers' daughters working. I was a farmer's daughter and I worked in the field. I certainly think that it is no disgrace. I love to be out in the fields among the wild flowers and the green grass, where the air is fresh and invigorating. I don't believe that it is right for a girl to do heavy work, but there is nothing wrong in being a willing helper and performing proper tasks. I am now a farmer's wife, and I do all of my housework and take care of the garden. I take pleasure in doing all that I can to help my husband. We have one sweet little girl, almost a year old.—Kentuckian.

Delectable Salads

Making Salads—In making salads all uncooked vegetables must be fresh and crisp, and cooked ones should be perfectly tender. To blanch the vegetables for a cooled salad cut them in shapes as desired and put over the fire in boiling water, cook for three or four minutes, drain, rinse in cold water and put on again in boiling salted water to cover. Drain as soon as perfectly tender.

To crisp such fresh vegetables as radishes, cabbage, sliced cucumbers, etc., put into cold water with a little ice and a slice of lemon. When ready to use them dry carefully on cheesecloth, without bruising.

Mayonnaise Dressing—The yolks of two raw eggs, one pint of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls each of vinegar and lemon juice, one-half teaspoon of salt, a few grains of cayenne or paprika. If liked a teaspoon each of mustard and sugar may be used also. Beat the yolks with a small wooden spoon or silver fork, add the condiments and mix, then add one teaspoon of vinegar and when well mixed add the oil, at first drop by drop. When the mixture is of good consistency the oil may be added faster. When it is too thick to beat well, add a little of the lemon juice, then more oil, and so on alternately until the ingredients are used. The materials and utensils should all be cold.

French Salad Dressing—One-half teaspoon salt, a few grains of cayenne or paprika, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper and, if liked, one-half teaspoon of prepared mustard. Mix and add gardually six tablespoons of best olive oil, then add, a few drops at a time, two to six tablespoons (according to taste) of vinegar or lemon juice, and beat until thick and creamy.

Salad Dressing that Will Keep—Beat four tablespoons of butter until hot, stir in one of flour until smooth, add one cup of cream (either sweet of sour) and let boil, then set the saucepan into hot water. Beat together the yolks of three eggs, one tablespoon of sugar, one teaspoon each of salt and dry mustard, add one-half cup of vinegar, then stir into the other mixture until it thickens. Bottle and it can be kept for weeks, ready for use. If too thick, add a little cream or vinegar to thin.

Beet Salad—Dice cold, boiled beets and serve piled on crisp white lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.

Stuffed Beet Salad—Take new beets of an even size and boil until tender, cover with vinegar and let stand several hours, or over night. Rub off the skins, scoop out the centers to form cups and set each beet cup on a crisp lettuce leaf. Fill each cup with finely chopped celery mixed with mayonnaise.

Celery Salad—Cut tender stalks in small pieces, or chop them fine, then dress with cream dressing or with mayonnaise.

Celery Root Salad—Pare the celery roots and cook until tender. When cold slice them and pour over a French dressing.

Bean Salad—Line the salad bowl with crisp lettuce leaves, fill the center with cold, cooked string beans cut into half-inch pieces, and turn over them a French dressing.

Cauliflower Salad—Boil a cauliflower in salted water until tender, but not overdone. When cold divide it into small sprigs and arrange in a dish; strew over them some capers and a little chopped parsley. Pour over all a French dressing.

Cucumber Salad—Pare the cucumbers and cut in halves lengthwise, scoop out the seeds and put the cucumber in ice water for an hour. Then wipe dry and fill with the following mixture: Chop together the solid part of a peeled and seeded tomato, half a slice of onion, a stalk of celery and a sprig of parsley. Mix with a mayonnaise dressing and serve on cress or lettuce leaves.

Cabbage Salad—Remove the center of a small cabbage to leave a thin shell. Cut the part removed very fine, chill and mix with a boiled dressing. Set the cabbage shell in a nest of curled parsley or cress, and fill with the salad.

Russian Salad—Take several kinds of cold, cooked vegetables—for example, string beans, peas, carrots and sprigs of cauliflower—and mix with mayonnaise, in which a heaping teaspoon of dissolved gelatine has been stirred. Put the whole into small individual moulds and when cold turn out on lettuce, which has had French dressing poured over it.

Red Vegetable Salad—Chop fine one cup each of cold boiled potatoes, pickled beets and raw red cabbage. Mix and serve with a French dressing made with the vinegar in which the beets were pickled.

LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN

I am "Choop" at school. Do you think that is a funny name? I am twelve years old, and I want to say something through The Blade. We live on a farm of 46 acres, and we have about fourteen acres of corn. I have helped hoe it every time, so that you see I am of some little account. I love to be a farmer's girl. If this gets into the paper I may write again some time.—Choop.

I can do some things if I am a boy only six years old. I have been going to school since I was four, and I can read and write and spell and count a little bit. I live near Arnoldsburg, W. Va. It is a nice little village. I live with my grandparents. My mother is dead and I love my grandmother, because she is very good to me. My teacher tells me that when I get big I may stay in the store with my aunt. I have no brother or sister, and sometimes I get very lonesome. I won't write any more this time.—Harry Anderson.

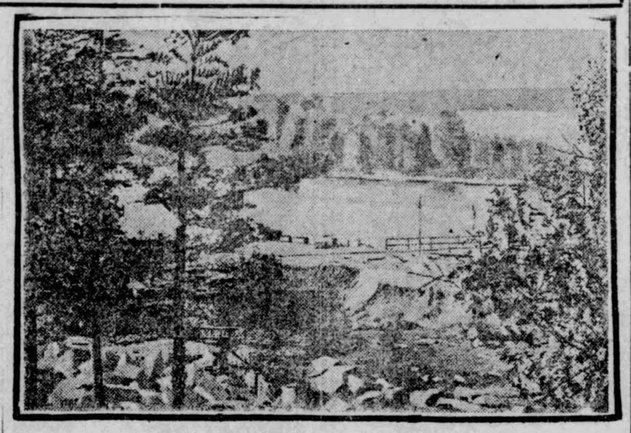
Have not seen any letters in The Blade from Washington county, Ohio. I have five sisters and two brothers. We live on the banks of Wolf creek, and sometimes I go fishing and boat riding. We keep four horses and two colts on the farm. The colts' names are Rondy and Bonnie.—Mary Hecker.

Here comes another little West Virginian. I am twelve years old and we get The Blade. I like to read the children's letters. I live on my brother's farm of 152 acres. The only pet I have is a cat. I have seven brothers and three sisters. Going to school is very pleasant to me. I have collected 130 post cards. I am—Nancy Nester.

I am a little girl eleven years of age, and I live in Michigan. I like my own state the best. Do you think that is because I have never been in any other? I have been going to school nearly every day. In eight months I missed only one week, and that was when my brother had the measles. I am in the sixth grade and my teacher gave me a prize. I have only one grandma and no grandpa. My grandpa died last spring at the age of eighty-one years. I have five brothers, one sister who is married and one sister in heaven. I will not write any more this time or you won't print it.—Leah A. Reist.

Will the editor kindly let a little country girl eight years old come into the corner set apart for the children? I live in Indiana, one mile from town, on a farm of sixty acres. I like to live in the country. I am visiting in town, at my Uncle Isaac's, this week. I have a gray kittie, and we children have six old sheep and three little lambs. Don't you think it is kind of my papa to give us our wool money? I have two dolls. Their names are Dorothy and Nellie. I go to church and Sunday school in town and to day school in the country. There are several beautiful lakes in our state. The largest in the state which is nine miles long, is only two miles from where we live. It is Lake Wawasee. Our mamma has canned one hundred and ten quarts of cherries this year. Do you like cherry pie?—Marie Ethel Unrue.

FINLAND'S WHITE NIGHTS



SCENE IN LAKE DISTRICT, FINLAND.

For about three months in the summer time Finland has no darkness at night, but the sky is suffused with a tender brightness, when there are neither stars in the sky nor the shadows upon earth. Sun rises about 2 o'clock a. m. and sets after 10 o'clock p. m. While the sun is down no significant darkness is observable. This forces the vegetation because of the constant supply of light, to a hothouse rapidity of growth, and the whole country blossoms forth with magic quickness into an almost tropical jungle. Such fruit as apple, plum, cherry and pear will grow with little care in as far north as the region north of 60 degrees latitude. Various small fruits and berries will ripen in the latter part of August and in September; barley and oats will grow and ripen in the region still farther north, north of Arctic circle, which would be impossible without constant supply of light, as the summer in the far north is only three months.

The people, who are intense lovers of nature, leave their winter homes and fill the summer cottages on the multitude of islands along the southern coast and the villas along the inland lakes and rivers, while everywhere, day and night, there are bathing and boating parties, picnics and excursions.

To summer tourists this "Land of Ten Thousand Lakes," as it is often called, offers many curious features. There is a place situated on the Arctic circle where the famous "midnight sun" can be seen. The sun will shine constantly for three days in mid-summer, June 20, 21 and 22. The place is geographically called Avasaksa, a little village in the slightly elevated mountain region. It is the southernmost place in Europe, probably in the world, where the "midnight sun" can be observed. Vast numbers of curiosity seekers, even from the very distant countries, go there each summer to watch the beautiful sight. Sometimes it happens so unfortunately that the sky stays clouded all the three days, and, of course, many of the distant visitors will be sadly disappointed. This, however, does not occur very often, and usually one day, at least, will be clear. The sun, when low down to horizon, looks very large and red.

Summer nights in Finland are remarkably chilly, and very often frost is suffered in all parts of the country. It destroys totally all the tender fruit and vegetables, even potatoes. The climate generally is much admired by health seekers in summer time, and numbers of the mineral springs and health baths can be found. Oddest one is the "clay bath" in the city of Nantalia, situated on the Baltic sea. There patients who seek health will bathe in soft mineral clay. The treatment has proved to be very relievable for many diseases.

Finland's chief beauties are its ten thousand lakes, which are connected to each other with natural rivers, straits and artificial canals, which are navigable for steamships. One of the canals is Saiman, which connects Lakes Saim and Bay of Viborg. It has 28 locks. Near this canal, in the southeastern part of Finland, there is a mammoth falls, the Niagara Falls of Europe, through which the water flows from Lake Saima to Lake Ladoga. This rapids attracts crowds of visitors from all over Europe to see its enormous rolling currents, though it is not comparable with Niagara.—John E. Rantamaki.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R. Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R.'s: I wrote my first letter to the Merry-Go-Round some time ago, and inasmuch as it was printed I will try again. Miss Prudence suggested writing about picnics, so I will tell you of one at which I think every one had "the time of their lives." July 5 some of us girls decided to have a picnic. The day was fine and about one o'clock we were all gathered on the lawn of one of the girls' home. The yard was very large and well shaded with large maple trees. We decorated up with flags and bunting and hung hammocks beneath the trees. Cushions also were placed conveniently around. And then we proceeded to enjoy ourselves. We spent the afternoon in playing games, letting off firecrackers, taking snap shots with a kodak, singing and visiting. At five o'clock we had our supper, which, needless to say was greatly appreciated. After our feast we hitched the farm team to a large lumber wagon, all piled in and started after a mowing machine which was being repaired at a shop about five miles away. We sang and gave High School yells until we were so hoarse we could hardly speak. It was dark coming home and as we drove along the road we enjoyed the fireworks at the different houses. We cheered them all of course. As we passed one house some one threw out a giant cracker that went off almost under the horses feet. They started to run and if the girl who was driving had not been an expert horsewoman there might have been a serious accident, because we were going down a hill and the mowing machine was hitched behind the wagon. This dampened our spirits somewhat for a time but we were soon as merry as ever. About nine o'clock we reached the house where another team was waiting to take us home, and we all agreed that we had had a perfectly splendid time.—Beverly.

Dear Household Editor: I have been a reader of The Toledo Blade for several years. I live in the country near the little town of Reardan, Wash. We live twenty-five miles from the city of Spokane, which is notable for its numerous waterfalls, and is a very beautiful city. We really have a beautiful country, with its many rivers and beautiful landscapes, and excellent climate. Our winters are not too cold and our summers are not too hot. On our farm we can raise nearly all kinds of garden vegetables. Fruits do especially well here. We raise apples, peaches, pears, prunes, plums, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, and many other kinds of fruits. I belong to the Evangelical hurche in the eveing by Evangelical church, and attend Sabbath school nearly every week. My motto is: "Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, in all the ways you can." Some time in the future I may call again, when you have more time to chat.—Old Bachelor.

May I join the M. G. R.'s happy circle? I enjoy very much reading the various letters from different localities and especially the descriptive ones as I wish to learn all I can about this glorious old world of ours. I have the ambition, but perhaps not the advantages that Florida Old Man has.

On account of my health I spent a few weeks one winter in Florida, and liked it very much. We were right in the orange growing district, and, of course, kept well stocked up.

I must tell you our first experience gathering oranges to eat. We were out at the lake, and on our return passed an orchard that looked promising, so climbed the fence and helped outselves at different points in the orchard. After returning to the road we compared fruit. I had such rich, yellow looking oranges that my friend threw his away, a dozen or so, and returned to the orchard for others. Then we sat down for a feast—and did we feast? Well, I guess not. We had gathered wild ones and they were sour as lemons. There we ate our first guavas, saw bananas and grape fruit growing, and many other things of great interest to us Buckeyes. On our return home we got a good view orf Lookout Mountain, Tenn., crossed the High bridge in Kentucky, which proved of much interest to us. When we realized that many years before Daniel Boone had lived near there we had the camera working from the car window most of the way up, and got some fairly good pictures.

I live in northern Ohio. Like it very well here, as it is a splendid farming country, but on account of having lung trouble am expecting to spend the winter in North Carolina, and you may be sure I almost devour all the North Carolina letters. Would like to hear more from Marguerite and Lola Matherson.—Gadabout.

Dear M. G. R.'s: As I am alone this evening and have some spare time I will come in and talk for a short time with you. I live in the country, and I can truly say I like country life very much. We have a beautiful home and so many pretty flowers. Live a short distance from town and have a pretty little country church real close. Edna, as I read your letter I can just almost see a picture of your home. No doubt you feel lonely sometimes, but four little "Sunbeams" will be a great help and comfort to you at those times. Come again, A Happy Mother. I enjoyed your letter very much. Well, I must say au revoir for this time, as I have my evening's work to do, and I am expecting papa in from his hard day's work in the field, pretty soon. With best wishes to all of the M. G. R.'s.—Brown-Eyed Girlie, from Illinois.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—I'm a newcomer from the Sunflower state, and I would like to become a member of your happy family. I tried once before, but maybe my age was against me. I'm only sixteen now—honest Injun! I am a farmer's daughter and a member of the Northern Methodist church. If you care to catechize me, go ahead. There are only three in our family. I do not want this letter to grow too long. I want to make just another "wee little" effort to break into the charmed circle, and so I will "ring off" by signing myself—Kansas Bell.

HOME-MADE GLUES

Accidents will happen even in the most methodical households, and so a cherished cup or dish is frequently broken. But there are numbers of prepared cements, etc., for repairing cracked china, so that even though the article may lose its usefulness it may be ornamental. If these glues are not in the house at the time the breakage occurs, valuable pieces are often neglected and later thrown away.

And all this waste because simple home remedies, such as a mixture of eggs and flour, are not generally known to housewives.

The edges to be joined with this paste must be washed clean before sticking them together. This is absolutely necessary, for if foreign matter clings the pieces will not hold together.

Another condition is that the edges must be dry before applying the glue to the broken pieces.

A cup or a plate broken in two, or even three pieces, may be made whole again by using this paste made from the egg and flour. To prepare, slightly beat the egg, then add the flour until a thin paste is formed.

Lay this glue on the broken edges with the fingers, then press the portions together and leave until dry. Thin rubber bands, placed over the mended article while it is drying, will often make the mending more secure.

Next day the vessel will be firm, and any superfluity of paste may be easily washed off.

It may happen that a good piece of china is thrown away because it has broken in so many pieces that it seems impossible to mend, because as soon as one piece is cemented in place it is sure to slip when the next fragment is fitted to it.

To take a day for every piece would be tedious work, and the paste dries so quickly, fresh would have to be made every time as the work progressed. But if the broken article has a value in the owner's eyes it may be mended in this way, though I do not promise that it will serve practical purposes again. A simple device which prevents the pieces from slipping as each is added may be used. It is done in this way: Having fitted the first piece in position with the flour and egg paste a thick layer of candle grease is dropped on the back in the opposite direction to that in which the crack runs. This keeps it in place while the next piece is adjusted, and when that is safely cemented it is treated in the same way with the candle grease, going on until the last piece is in place.

When the article is finished it is left to dry just as it is, and when the cement has thoroughly hardened the grease may be easily removed.

When it comes to the question of mending glass, if the article is valuable, such as cut glass, it is better to send it to a professional, who will rivet the pieces together. I know of no home remedy that is really practical for mending glass.

ICED COFFEE

Iced coffee runs a close second to iced tea in these days of fervent heat. Have ready some freshly made strong coffee. To every two cupfuls add a cupful of slightly warmed milk or cream, and sugar to sweeten. Chill, then turn into the freezer and freeze to a soft mush. Serve with a spoonful of whipped cream, piled lightly on each glass. If preferred, the prepared coffee can be simply chilled and served without the whipped cream.

DRINKING WATER CLEARS COMPLEXION

To say that drinking at least three pints of water a day would make a girl beautiful, would be grossest exaggeration, but it is perfectly true that such an amount of liquid, taken judiciously every day, will be a wonderful aid in acquiring or increasing good looks, and it is such a cheap way of improving one's appearance that to ignore it is a pity.

Water, properly taken, flushes the system as a pipe is cleansed by pouring down it a large quantity of pure cleaning liquid at once. And, as with the pipe, impurities are carried out, leaving only that which is beneficial.

In order that this good effect shall be gained two facts are important. One is that the liquid shall not be taken with meals and the other that it shall not be of icy temperature. In the former case it dilutes the gastric juices, sometimes causing indigestion, and certainly neutralizing some of the nourishing properties of food; in the latter it stays digestion and may be the cause of severe pain.

Many dietitians now agree that water should not be taken with meals and that many cases of indigestion may be traced directly to the fact that this theory is unheeded. To derive benefit a glassful should be taken at a time sipping it slowly, not gulping in large quantities. Ten minutes to each glass is none too long. The temperature may be cool, but not sufficiently so to chill the stomach.

The first drink is not to be taken sooner than half an hour before a meal, and water is not to be put into the stomach sooner than half an hour after a meal.

The matter of not taking water with food is one that contains more reason that may appear at first. Many persons do not masticate their meals properly, but wash it down in pieces that test the strength of the digestive organs to assimilate. In other words the stomach is made to do the work of the teeth. When unable to do so acute indigestion follows, and in any event the unnecessary labor strains the organ.

If liquid is avoided when eating extreme mastication becomes necessary or food will choke the person. Failing artificial means to send it into the stomach, it must go, if at all, in such condition that the digestive organs have none but their own work to do and are therefore more likely to be kept strong and healthy.

The explanation I have heard some business girls make, that they get no opportunity to drink water through the day, is a mistake. It is always possible to place a glass on a desk where it can be easily reached. A stenographer I know keeps a glass on her desk all day, refilling as soon as she drinks all the water. Another girl, behind the counter, keeps her glass of water out of sight, but within reach. Both of these girls have clear complexions that are the envy of many of their friends, and neither has enough out of door exercise to be responsible for it. The truth lies in the fact that their systems are kept in healthy condition by the constant washing away of impurities.

THE POETS' CORNER

MY DARLING'S SHOES

God bless the little feet that can never go astray.
For the little shoes are empty in the closet laid away;
Sometimes I take one in my hand, forgetting till I see,
It is a little half worn shoe not large enough for me,
And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain.
As sharp as when two years ago it cut my heart in twain.

Oh, little feet that wearied not, I wait for them no more,
For I am drifting on the tide, but they have reached the shore;
And while the blinding teardrops wet these little shoes so old,
They walk unsandaled in the streets that pearly gates enfold
And so I lay them down again, but always turn to say,
"God bless the little feet that now surely cannot go astray."

And while I am thus standing, I almost seem to see
Two little forms beside me, just as they used to be,
Two little faces lifted, with their sweet and tender eyes.
Ah, me! I might have known that look was born of Paradise.
I reach my arms out proudly, but they clasp the empty air;
There's nothing of my darlings but the shoes they used to wear.

Oh! the bitterness of parting can ne'er be done away
Till I see my darlings walking where their feet can never stray.
When I no more am drifting upon the surging tide,
But with them safely landed upon the river side;
Be patient, heart, while waiting to see their shining way,
For the little feet, in the golden street, can never go astray.

SPEED AWAY

Speed away, speed away on thine errand of light,
Sweet message of Christ, in thy radiant flight.
The earth lies in darkness, the deep shadows fall
On sad hearts and homes. Oh, speed at our call,
Pierce the gathering clouds with thy luminous ray:
Sped away, sped away, speed away!

Speed away, speed away on thine errand of love,
Go speak to the mourners of mansions above;
To the doubting bring peace, to the weary, sweet rest;
To the homeless a glimpse of the home of the blest;
Let angels and men Thy glad wonders portray:
Sped away, sped away, speed away!

Speed away, speed away, let the shout peal along,
Triumphant in faith, and melodious in song;
Go, heralds of Jesus! the message proclaim—
Christ liveth and reigneth, go forth in His name:
Up! onward! let nothing your mission delay:
Speed away, speed away, speed away!

THE WATER LILIES

The Master stood in His garden
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right hand had planted
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye,
That His flowers were sadly drooping.
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered"
This Heavenly Master said,
"Wherein shall I draw it for them
And raise each drooping head?

Close to His feet on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled, as He gently whispered,
"This shall do My work today."

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me
It is small, but it is empty
That is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it
And filled it full to the brim;
How glad was that earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him!

He poured forth the living water.
Over His lilies fair;
Until the vessel was empty
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again;
And the Master saw with pleasure
That His work had not been in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water,
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers;
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered
As He laid it aside once more:
"Still will I lie in His pathway,
Just where I did before.

Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain,
And perhaps some day He may need me
To water His flowers again."

THOU HAST LEARNED TO LOVE ANOTHER

Thou hast learned to love another, thou hast broken every vow,
We have parted from each other and my heart is lonely now.
I have taught my looks to shun thee, when coldly we have met,
For another's smile hath won thee, and thy voice I must forget,
O! was it well to sever this heart from thine forever,
Can I forget thee? never! farewell, farewell forever.

We have met in scenes of pleasure, we have met in halls of pride,
I have seen thy new-found treasure, I have gazed upon thy bride,
I have marked the timid lustre of thy downcast happy eye;
I have seen thee gaze upon her, forgetting I was nigh.
O! I grieve that e'er I met thee, fain, fain would I forget thee,
'Twere folly to regret thee, farewell, farewell, forever.

We have met and we have parted, but we uttered scarce a word
Like some guilty thing I started, when thy well-known voice I heard.
For thy looks were stern and altered and thy words were cold and high
How my traitor courage faltered when I dared to meet thy eye,
Oh! woman's love will grieve her and woman's pride will leave her;
Life has fled when love deceives her, farewell, farewell, forever.

MY MOTHER DEAR

There was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone, bright fairy tales did tell,
And gentle words and fond embrace were given with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place upon my mother's knee.
My mother dear! my mother dear!
My gentle, gentle mother.

When fairy tales were ended, "good-night," she softly said,
And kissed and laid me down to sleep within my tiny bed,
And holy words she taught me there, methinks I yet can see
Her angel face, as close I knelt, beside my mother's knee.
My mother dear! my mother dear!
My gentle, gentle mother.

In sickness of my childhood, in perils of my prime
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of every time,
When doubt or danger weighed me down, then pleading all for me
It was a fervent prayer to heaven that bent my mother's knee.
My mother dear! my mother dear!
My gentle, gentle mother.

TIRED MOTHERS

[Author Unknown.]

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the warm touch,
Of warm, moist fingers, holding you so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
Almost too tired you are, to pray tonight.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do today;
We are too dull and thankless—and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly,
The little child that brought me good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your knee
This restless, curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly,
If from your own the dimpled hands have slipped,
And ne'er will nestle in your palm again
If the white feet into their grave have tripped
I cannot blame you for your heart pain then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown,
Or that the footprints when the day is wet
Are ever black enough to make you frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot
And hear its patter in my home once more.

If I could mend a broken cart today,
Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world can say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head,
My singing birdling from its nest hath flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

WHEN

Susan Coolidge.

If I were told that I must die tomorrow
That the next sun
Which sinks, should bear me past all care and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through.
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone.
But rise, and move, and love, and hope and pray
For one more day.

And lying down at night for a last resting,
Say in that ear,
Which hearkens ever, Lord, within my weeping
How should I fear.
And when tomorrow brings Thee not, still
Do thou Thy will.

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful tender
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the marvelous splendor
Flushed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile—could calmly say
It is His day.

But if a wondrous hand from the golden yonder
Held out the scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I should wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic close
What should I do?

What could I do, oh! blessed Guide and Master
Other than this:
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be
While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me
Although unseen,
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide Thee
Or heavens serene,
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray
Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God, no hand prevealeth
Thy counsels wise,
Along the path a deepening shadow seeth
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought the answer to tell,
And, it is well.

Let me keep on abiding and unfearing
Thy will always
Through a long century's ripening vibration
Or a short day's.
Thou can'st not come too soon, and I can wait
If Thou come late.

AFTER FOUR YEAR OF MISER

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compo

Baltimore, Md. — "For four my life was a misery to me. I suf from irreg ties, terrible ging sensa extreme ner ness, and tha gone feeling stomach. I given up ho ever being when I bega take Lydia E. ham's Vege Compound. I felt as th new life had given me, and I am recommendi to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. F 1938 Lansdowne St., Baltimore, M

The most successful remedy in country for the cure of all form female complaints is Lydia E. ham's Vegetable Compound. It stood the test of years and to more widely and successfully used any other female remedy. It has thousands of women who have troubled with displacements, in mation, ulceration, fibroid tumo regularities, periodic pains, back that bearing-down feeling, flatul indigestion, and nervous prostra after all other means had failed.

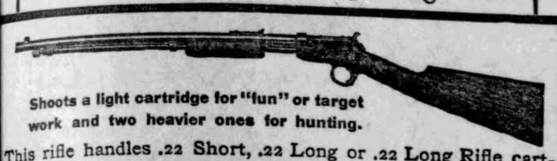
If you are suffering from any of ailments, don't give up hope until have given Lydia E. Pinkham's table Compound a trial.

If you would like special a write to Mrs. Pinkham, L Mass., for it. She has gu thousands to health, fre charge.

WINCHESTER

MODEL 1906 .22 CALIBER

Extra Light Weight Repeating Rifle



Shoots a light cartridge for "fun" or target work and two heavier ones for hunting.

This rifle handles .22 Short, .22 Long or .22 Long Rifle cartridges without change of adjustment. It's a take-down and a very handy, all-around small caliber repeater. Examine one and you'll agree that it's the biggest rifle value ever offered.

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU ONE.

PHONE FIGHT TO FINISH

Independents to Make War on $970,000,000 Bell Corporation.

From all indications the independent and Bell telephone interests are going up for one of the biggest and fiercest industrial battles in history. It would seem that gigantic nation-wide corporations are in the process of formation by both interests, and a fight to the finish seems inevitable.

Word comes from New York of the merging of all Bell companies in the United States into one corporation representing a capitalization of $970,000,000. To offset this move on the part of the Bell, the independents are drawing closer together. The preliminaries to a merger of Ohio independent companies are now being worked out, and it is expected that a final welding together all the independent interests in this state may be closed by August.

Merger Work Begun.

The independent interests held a meeting this week in Cleveland, and it is reported that progress was made in the direction of state consolidation. James S. Brailey, Jr., of this city, attended the meeting.

The independent telephone men declare that the Bell company has been given to further consolidation in order to carry on its fight. It is pointed out that the Bell has so far failed in its methods, especially in Ohio, and in order to make the fight more effective it has become necessary to consolidate. This has had the effect of bringing together the independents, and it is stated that throughout the middle west the latter are acting more in unison than ever before.

Next Move in Cleveland.

The next move in the direction of still closer affiliation of independent interests may be consummated in Cleveland. The preliminaries to a merger of Ohio independent companies are now being worked out, while it is understood that the deal applies only to Ohio territory, it is thought to be a part of a country-wide lining up of independents for the war to be made upon them by the Bell company.

MAKES OFFER FOR STOCK OF PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY

Philadelphia, July 17.—In pursuance of a policy of procuring absolute ownership of controlled telephone lines, the American Telephone and Telegraph company today mad an offer to take over all the capital stock of the Bell Telephone company of Pennsylvania. The American company already controls the Pennsylvania corporation through the ownership of about 82 per cent of its stock. The offer of the American company is approved by the board of directors of the Bell Telephone company and is favorably recommended in a circular issued today to the stockholders.

The offer of the American Telephone and Telegraph company is to exchange seven of its shares for eight of the Bell company of Pennsylvania. A similar offer was made to the New York and New Jersey Telegraph and Telephone company.

The Bell Telephone company of Pennsylvania covers all the state of Pennsylvania east of the Allegheny mountains except the northern tier of counties. It also owns the capital stock of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone company, which covers Maryland, the District of Columbia and a small part of Virvinia; the Diamond State Telephone company, covering the state of Delaware, and the Delaware & Atlantic company, which operates throughout southern New Jersey.

LOST IN WOODS A WEEK

Two Michigan Men Have Thrilling Experience.

New York, July 16.—A story of danger and hardship during ten days they were lost in the forest of Newfoundland was told by Harry L. Wilson, of Detroit, and George X. Strong, of Saginaw, Mich., who arrived here yesterday on the steamer Florizel. They were canoeing in Grand lake when their craft began to leak and had to be abandoned. It took them more than a week to find there way to a settlement. Wilson is nursing a broken leg, caused by a fall, while he was pursued by a caribou.

BEATS THIS YEAR'S RECORD

Curtiss Makes Notable Flight in His Aeroplane.

Mineola, N. Y., July 17.—A flight of 30 miles in 53 minutes and 46 seconds was made today by Glenn H. Curtiss in his aeroplane over the Hempstead plains course, for the cup offered by the Scientific American. In this flight Curtiss excelled all his previous records and all American aeronautic records for the year.

Consumption Book

FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 3241 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

$970,000,000 CAPITAL

Planned for Merger of Bell Telephones.

New York, July 16.—The merging of all the Bell Telephone companies of the country into a gigantic corporation representing a capitalization of $970,000,000 is believed to be foreshadowed in the action taken by the American Telephone and Telegraph company in providing for the absorption of the stock of the New York and New Jersey Telephone company.

Although no official statement could be obtained today, it is believed that the New York and New Jersey Telephone company will accept the offer of the American Telephone and Telegraph company to exchange its stock share for share. The plan has the approval of the directors of the New York company.

The New York and New Jersey Telephone company is generally regarded as one of the subordinante companies of the American Telephone and Telegraph company, although the latter owns but a small part of the New York company's capital stock. Another competitor of the American Telephone and Telegraph company, the New York Telephone, is a large holder of the New York and New Jersey stock. Under the terms of the American Telephone and Telegraph company's offer, the New York and New Jersey company's stock, which pays 7 per cent dividend, must be transferred by August 31. The stock issue of the New York and New Jersey company is $50,000,000, with a funded debt of $1,195,000.

GETS RACE'S AID

Leon Ling Is Hidden by Masons, Declares Chinese Newspaper.

Denver, Col., July 14.—It is stated by Chinese here that the Chinese government, following the report of the Chinese consul at New York upon the Elsie Sigel case, has set the seal of official approval upon the protection of Leon Ling by the Chinese Masons, and that he will never be found with the assistance of his countrymen.

A Chinese newspaper having the unofficial sanction of the Chinese government, has reached Denver, in which the report of the Chinese consul in New York is printed in full. This report followed an investigation made by the consul at the direction of the authorities at Peking. The report, after citing the facts of the case as generally known, states that it has been discovered that Elsie Sigel, as the result of her indiscretions and fearing discovery by her family, came to Leon Ling's room seeking some means to hide her shame. In a moment of desperation she took her own life by poison.

Ling, the report states, was absent at the time and found the dead body of the girl upon the bed upon his return. Frightened by the discovery, he called Chung Sin, says the report, advised him that should he tell the truth to the police regarding the finding of the body he would not be believed and probably would be lynched. Frightened by this view of the case, Ling, it is stated, adopted desperate efforts to dispose of the body and conceal his own whereabouts.

The report of the Chinese consul at New York, embodying these statements, was sent to Peking more than three weeks ago. The report is evidently regarded by the Chinese authorities as revealing the truth of the case and the Chinese Masons are given permission and encouragement to conceal Leon Ling.

SEEKS ANOTHER TITLE

Theodora Shonts May Marry Prince Murat.

Paris, July 16.—Although her little son is not a year old, the gossips are coupling the names of the charming young American, Duchess de Chaulnes and Prince Joachim Murat. They would have it that the mother of the tiny duke has consented to discard her coronet for a princely crown.

Friends and relatives of the duchess are bitterly denying the rumor, declaring it an outrage and a pure fabrication. Nevertheless, it continues to rise above the surface and will not down.

Should the former Theodora Shonts, favorite daughter of Theodore Perry Shonts, the street railway magnate of New York, become Princess Murat, her title will have no standing politically among European powers. Prince Joachim is a direct descendant of the innkeeper's son who rose from the ranks in Napoleon's army to become a marshal. The greatest cavalry officer of his age, he could trace his lineage to only the humblest stock.

The Duchess de Chaulnes was widowed six weeks after her marriage to the good-looking young French nobleman. Stricken suddenly with odoema of the heart, he Duc de Chaulnes died April 23, 1908. A posthumous son was born last November.

BREAKS WORLD RECORD

Captain Eddy Scores 333 Out of 350 Shots.

Camp Perry, July 15.—The world's record was broken here this morning, when Capt. Emmett Eddy, of Shreve, Eight Ohio regiment, who is in charge of the small arms practice of the Ohio troops here, scored 333 out of a possible 350 shots on the rifle range. He will be a member of the state team to participate in the national tournament in August.

Capt. Eddy scored 41 out of 50 at rapid fire on the 200-yard range, 45 on the same range at slow fire, 48 slow fire on the 600-yard range, 50 (perfect score) straight-away firing on the 800-yard range, and the same on the 1,000 range, and 99 out of 100 skirmish fire, making an aggregate of 333 scores out of a possible 350.

MAKE BOY PRINCE SHAH

Members of National Assembly Proclaim Young Hamed Mirza.

Teheran, July 17.—With the ruler of Persia a refugee under the Russian flag at Zerzende, the national assembly composed of the chief Mujtehids and the leaders of the Nationalist forces proclaimed the crown prince, Sultan Hamed Mirza, Shah of Persia in the presence of an immense crowd in Parliament square. Azad Ul Mulk, head of the Kajar family, was made regent.

The shah has taken refuge at the Russian summer legation at Zerzende. The shah was accompanied by his wife and one of his sons, and a small party of loyal adherents, and his action was in accordance with an arrangement previously worked out by the Russian and British legations.

M. Sabelin, the Russian charge d'affaires, immediately informed the British diplomatic representative of the shah's arrival and a convoy of Sepoys was forthwith dispatched to Zerzende. During the shah's stay at that place protection will be furnished by a joint detachment of Cossacks and Sepoys.

The full strength of the Russian expedition is now at Kasvin, and, if necessary the cavalry could get to Teheran in two days. A detachment probably will be required, not so much to protect the shah or oppose the Bakhtiari tribesmen as to handle the street mobs and the Teheran rabble which is bent on pillage. The troops inevitably will be sent in if a single Russian is killed or if a foreign mission requests protection. In this event the role of the troops could be confined entirely to police duties.

BOY RULER CRIES

Little Shah of Persia Did Not Want to Leave Mother.

Teheran, Persia, July 19.—The new shah, the former crown prince Sultan Ahmed Mirza, accompanied by his tutor and a British and Russian escort, drove this morning from the Russian summer legation to the sultanabad palace. As the shah entered the palace the escort quitted him at the gate and returned to the legation, thus signifying that his majesty was no longer under Anglo-Russian protection.

A brief ceremony was held at the palace at which the regent and other members of the national council formally acclaimed the new sovereign. The shah appeared nervous, but dignified. It is believed that he will be sent abroad to study under the supervision of a new tutor.

There was an affecting scene at the parting of the new shah from his parents. Both his mother and father broke down at the thought of parting with their favorite son and offered their second son in his place. The boy wept bitterly, in sympathy with his parents, and at first declined to leave his mother. Finally, their majesties, being informed that it was the people's will and that there was no alternative, were persuaded to agree to the departure of the youthful shah.

When the ceremonies were concluded, the boy still continued to weep and it required a stern admonition to the effect that crying was not allowed in the Russian legation before he dried his eyes. Then the little man came out bravely and proceeded to the palace, where his mother is free to visit him.

The ex-shah accepts his strange position with Oriental philosophy and shows no lack of personal dignity. He expresses a desire to live in the Crimea.

TEN DROWN IN SLOOP

Jolly Party of Excursionists Is Capsized.

New York, July 19.—Ten persons were drowned yesterday afternoon, two of them little girls, when the excursion sloop Roxanna, carrying twenty-two passengers, was capsized by a sudden squall in lower New York bay.

The captain of the Roxanna and twelve survivors were picked up under great difficulties in a rough and choppy sea by the tug Lamont.

The Roxanna, with her skipper, Captain Samuelson, was chartered at Ulmer Beach, Brooklyn, yesterday forenoon by a party of Swedes from Brooklyn for a sail across the bay to Midland Beach, Staten Island, and back. The first leg of the voyage was made without mishap and all hands plied ashore to make merry.

All afternoon there was a stiff breeze from the southwest, which left a nasty cross sea. Toward 4 o'clock the Roxanna, reeling homeward across the bay under all the sail good judgment would permit to be carried, slipped into a squall.

She lay over until her copper plates glistened in the sun, and, as the angle of the deck steepened to the boiling water in her lee, the women screamed and scrambled for the upper rail.

The captain struggled to slack away his sheet, but there was no time for measures of relief. In one moment the Roxanna was bottom up, and the foam was black with bobbling heads. In another the Roxanna had vanished, and one by one the heads began to follow her.

Fortunately the tug Lamont was keeping a sharp lookout. Captain Keys saw the sloop heel over in the gust and fail to come back. Instantly he headed for the spot where the Roxanna had been, but before he could reach her ten of the passengers had gone down.

Life lines and buoys were thrown to those still afloat, and after a few minutes of brisk and anxious work all in sight were taken aboard the Lamont.

The survivors, thoroughly exhausted and half dazed, were taken to a hospital on Staten Island.

EMPEROR SMILES ON WITTE

Former Premier Again Favored by Czar.

St. Petersburg, July 17.—The dinner given last night by Emperor Nicholas at Peterhof in honor of King Frederick of Denmark and Queen Louise, was chiefly remarkable for the presence of Count Witte, who for the first time since relinquishing the premiership, was the guest of the emperor at such a function. His presence at the dinner is taken as a distinct sign of Count Witte's upward movement in political affairs.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Count Witte's relations with the court have been none of the best for the past few years. He became particularly unpopular at the court when he forced the granting of the constitutional decrees of 1905. In recent debates in the council of the empire he has shown himself to be ultra-conservative in his interpretation of constitutional points and he was the prime mover in Premier Stolypin's defeat in the matter of a naval staff.

Persia's Little Shah

SULTON ACHMED MIRZA.

LOVER DIES IN DESPAIR

Rich Young Cuban Kills Himself in New York Hotel.

New York, July 15.—Suicide ended the gay career of a wealthy young Cuban today, when John Balsinde shot himself in his apartment at 211 East Fourteenth street. Nearly 200 seat checks from theatres, some memoranda and a letter indicated that he had been infatuated with an actress, and had followed her from place to place in Cuba and in this country. He killed himself, it is believed, because his money had given out and his love affair had lost its interest.

Balsinde, who was 26 years old, had been attending a school at Poughkeepsie. He returned to his country from Cuba several months ago, following the company in which the actress was playing. Last night he went to the Hotel America, where he had formerly resided. He retired to his rooms, and this morning his landlady was awakened by a shot. Running to his bed room, she found Balsinde, fully dressed, lying on the floor, a bullet wound in his right side and a revolver lying near by. He died shortly after at Bellevue hospital.

A letter, dated July 2, found in his room, was addressed "Dear Louisa." The letter said in part:

"I am going away soon. I have had enough trouble with my people already. I am going back to Cuba to my mother, who will forgive me for all my foolish acts. I will be the same aristocratic young gentleman I was when I left Havana a year ago with the foolish purpose to follow an actress girl. Remember I said I came here to New York to see a friend and you have tried to stop my friendship toward that one. You tell me she does not love me, but is only after my money. That is not so, for she is a good girl and works. It is you that has been after my money. I love her and will see her when I come back.

"Good-bye.

"JUAN."

The clerk at the Hotel America told the police that Balsinde's father was a member of the firm of Balsinde Brothers, owners of extensive sugar plantations.

Among the memoranda in the youth's room were notes showing that his expenses from June 19 to July 4, had been $448. A letter apparently written by his mother, said that no more money would be sent him unless he returned to his school at Poughkeepsie. The police said they had learned that about a week ago Balsinde cabled to his parents for money, but none had been forthcoming. No money was found among his effects.

WILL AGAIN REVERSED

Jury Says Col. Snell Was Incompetent.

Clinton, Ills., July 17.—A jury in the case of the contested will of Col. Thomas Snell has returned a verdict finding that Col. Snell was not competent to make a will. The estate is valued at $1,500,000

Col. Snell made only a few bequests, leaving the estate in trust until the death of all his children and grandchildren. It then was to be distributed among his great grandchildren and their heirs. The will was contested by his son, Richard Snell, a banker, of Clinton, who was cut off with $50 in the will.

The first trial resulted in adisagreement. At the second trial the jury roturned a verdict breaking the will, but the supreme court set aside the verdict on the ground that improper evidence was allowed to go to the jury. It is announced that the case will again be appealed to the higher courts.

Richard Snell alleged that his father was insane over women, and many letters written to and received from women who promised much love and many caresses and asked for money, trips, fur coats and other valuables, were read in court.

SENDS HIS FRIEND TO CELL

Judge Sentences Former Roommate to Prison.

Clarksburg, W. Va., July 17.—Judge Haymond Maxwell, of the criminal court, sentenced Fred B. Wood, former cashier of the West Virginia bank to serve six years in the state penitentiary at Moundsville. Wood was convicted of falsifying the books of the bank.

In passing sentence, Judge Maxwell said: "I do not know of a more painful duty a judge could be called upon to discharge than to pronounce the judgment of the law upon a conviction for a felony against a friend, his neighbor, his old-time school companion, roommate and bedfellow."

CURTISS HAS LONG FLIGHT

New York, July 16.—Glen H. Curtiss, the aeronaut, made a flight of thirty-one minutes' duration in his aeroplane at Hemsted Plains, Long Island, today. He alighted without mishap, saying that he could have remained in the air for an indefinite period. His flight is believed to be the longest ever made in a heavier than air machine in this country except by the Wright brothers.

HANDS RAW AND SCALY

Itched and Burned Terribly—Could Not Move Thumbs Without Flesh Cracking—Sleep Impossible.

CUTICURA SOON CURED ECZEMA

"An itching humor covered both my hands and got up over my wrists and even up to the elbows. The itching and burning were terrible. My hands got all scaly, and when I scratched, the surface would be covered with blisters and then get raw. The eczema got so bad that I could not move my thumbs without deep cracks appearing. I went to my doctor, but his medicine could only stop the itching. At night I suffered so fearfully that I could not sleep. I could not bear to touch my hands with water. This went on for three months and I was fairly worn out. At last I got the Cuticura Remedies and in a month I was cured. Walter H. Cox, 16 Somerset St., Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

LIVES BY LOVING

Bigamist Boasts How He Courted to Obtain Money.

San Francisco, July 14.—Christian C. Johnson, sentenced at San Jose to serve seven years in the penitentiary for bigamy, is reported to have confessed that he is the mysterious "John Madson," wanted in many parts of the country for matrimonial ventures and systematic swindling of women under promise of marriage.

Johnson's alleged confession is full of inconsistencies greatly at variance with statements he has made since his arrest in this city last week. He declares he has been married to so many women that he cannot count them offhand.

"In 1906," he says, "I quit my business of buying horses, and from that day to this time, I have been making my living my marrying and making love to women and getting their money and then deserting them."

Courts Ten at Once.

One of his most amazing feats, according to his own confession, was making love to ten women at one time in Portland, Ore. While he admits he got money from most of them and that his marriages were part of a get-rich-quick system, Johnson declares that in every instance he spent the money he received upon the victim herself.

Johnson says he was born in Germany, and, coming to this country in the 70's secured a position with the United States government buying horses for the army on commission.

This took him all over the country. At first, he says, he was a woman hater because he had been separated from his sweetheart in Germany who died later.

He married the first of his many wives in Springfield, Mass., in 1905. She was a Mrs. Mary Brown.

"I married only one woman under the name of John Madson," Johnson declared. "Her name was Jones, if I remember rightly, Ada Jones. I got $1,000 because she said she loved me. I could have got $50,000."

Long List of Wives.

Eighteen of the women whom Johnson married, according to the confession, were:

Mrs. Catherine Hoen, San Diego, Cal.; Mrs. Josephine Tretheway, Stockton, Cal.; Mrs. Sylvia Pollard de Bonnett, San Francisco; Mrs. Henrietta Leopold, San Francisco; Eliza Jones, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Mary Brown, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. Frances Hepburn, Oakland, Cal.; Miss Minnie Cather, San Francisco; Mrs. Josephine Henninger, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. Birdie King, Hot Springs, Ark.; Mrs. Elizabeth M. Jackson, Iola, Kan.; Mrs. Mary Frick, East St. Louis, Ill.; "Catherine," hospital nurse, St. Louis; Mrs. Alice Richardson, St. Louis; Mrs. Catalina Baughman, St. Louis; Mrs. Minnie Allen, St. Louis; Mrs. Bertha King, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. De Leom, wife of a sea captain, Portland, Ore.

From most of the women, Johnson says, he obtained money or jewelry, or both. Johnson left yesterday in custody of a deputy sheriff for San Quentin prison, where he is to serve a seven-year sentence.

WILD SCENES IN LIGHTHOUSE

Assistant Keeper Attacks Girls and Then Kills Himself.

Charleston, S. C., July 16.—After attempting, about midnight, to chloroform two young daughters of Captain Wieking, head keeper of the lighthouse on Morris island, who were aroused by an alarm clock barely in time to save themselves from probable death, Ludwig Jacobson, one of the assistant lighthouse keepers, locked himself in his room and when officers from this city sought to arrest him, fired a bullet into his brain, ending his life.

RAPS ROCKEFELLER

Bishop Williams, of Michigan, Attacks the Doctrines of John D., Jr.

New York, July 19.—Preaching yesterday in the pulpit of St. Bartholomew's, the church home of the Vanderbilts, the Right Rev. Charles D. Williams, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Michigan, formerly dean of Trinity cathedral, Cleveland, criticised the Bible class teachings of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The bishop's text was "For the Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost." He said in part:

"A scion of wealth recently used the figure of the gardener's treatment of a rosebush, cutting off all but the hardiest buds that the flowers might be perfect, saying it was right to apply that idea to human relations, and that doctrine was advanced, not in a board meeting, but before a Bible class.

Smells of Crude Oil.

"They say that a rose by any other name will smell as sweet, but the odor of that rose to me smacks strongly of crude petroleum.

"In our industrial concerns such as soap factories and oil refineries we have learned that the profit is in taking care of by-products and what would otherwise be the waste, and nature, we see, allows no waste. That is the way we must do to follow Christ's philosophy.

"If Jesus Christ came again today might he not have to go out again from our churches as he went out from the olden time synagogue and leave them to their chosen clientele while he would go to the slums? I wonder if the young man ever read the Bible which he professed to teach. That doctrine of the rosebush was the cold, merciless scientific doctrine of evolution applied to human relations, the doctrine that the individual was of no use other than to perpetuate and develop the species.

"Compare that with Christ's philosophy of the shepherd who, having ninety-and-nine sheep safe in the fold, goes out to look for the one which is lost. Compare it with the father who, having the righteous members of his family and household gathered around him, goes out to seek and to welcome the prodigal who has spent his substance in riotous living in foreign lands.

Ministers to the "Fit."

"The present church, like the ancient synagogue, is lapsing in the work of ministering spiritual luxury to the morally fit.

"Two types of Christians compose our churches today. One type preserves the character as the ancient Egyptians preserved the body, by embalming it, and this type is very much like the mummies and not much good to anyone.

"There is a rich man in a southern city who for the past twenty years has been doing much personal work without any trumpets to call attention to it. This man has taken fallen women into his home, has treated them as honored guests of his family and by such care and treatment has rescued them and even carried many of them into happy marriages, where, with their past unknown and buried, they have become respected and honored leaders of society.

"Can you do this? If you cannot, can you even approach it? Can you bring yourselves into personal contact with the Magdalens as Christ did? Can you do anything?"

FEW KILLED IN EARTHQUAKE

Alarmist Reports From Greece Are Disproved.

Athens, July 17.—From reports sent in by the prefects from the province of Elis, the casuality list in the earthquake of Thursday does not appear so large as was first feared. Up to the present time it is known that twenty-six persons lost their lives. Twenty-three bodies have been recovered from the ruins of Havari, where more than 250 houses were demolished. Eighty persons were injured at this village and three at Ponhioti, and ten were injured at Analaivo. The quake caused more or less damage at other points, but did not result in casualties.

CURTISS MAKES GOOD FLIGHT

Flies Nine Miles in 15 Minutes at Long Island.

New York, July 15.—Glenn H. Curtiss better his own record again today when he flew his aeroplane at Mineola, Long Island, nine miles in 15 minutes. Curtiss made two flights between 5 and 6 o'clock this morning. The first was stopped after two miles by the fog. It was the second that beat his performance of yesterday, when he traveled five miles in about seven minutes, and was compelled to descend by the loosening of two bolts in his propeller.

At Some Ancient Weddings

THE OLD HENRY COSTER HOUSE.

The old Henry Coster house, which stood near Thirtieth street and First avenue, was bought by Anson G. Phelps in 1835. In old colonial houses of this sort many quaint customs were doubtless observed. Mrs. Alice Morse Earle writes of them in "Colonial Days in Old New York" in this way:

"Collections for the church poor were sometimes taken at weddings, as was the universal custom for centuries in Holland. When Stephanus Van Cortlandt and Gertrude Schuyler were married in Albany, in 1671, thirteen guilders six stuyvers were contributed at the wedding, and fifteen guilders at the reception the following day. At the wedding of Martin Kreiger, the same year, eleven guilders were collected; at another wedding the same amount. When the daughter of Domine Bogardus was married it was deemed a very favorable time and opportunity to take up a subscription for building the first stone church in New Amsterdam. When the wedding guests were all mellow with wedding cheer, 'after the fourth or fifth round of drinking,' says the chronicle, and hence generous, each vied with the other in good humored and pious liberality, they subscribed 'richly.' A few days later, so the chronicle records, some wished to reconsider the expensive and expansive transaction at the wedding feast, and 'well repented it.' But Director Kieft stiffly held them to their contracts, and 'nothing availed to excuse.'

Many frankly simple customs prevailed. I do not know at how early a date the fashion obtained of 'coming out bride' on Sunday; that is, the public appearance of bride and groom, and sometimes the entire bridal party in wedding array, at church the Sunday after the marriage. It certainly was a common custom long before revolutionary times, in New England as well as New York; but it always seems to me more an English than a Dutch fashion. Mr. Gabriel Furman, in his manuscript, Commonplace Book, dated 1810, now owned by the Long Island Historical society, tells of one groom whom he remembered who appeared on the first Sunday after his marriage attired in white broadcloth; on the second in brilliant blue and gold, on the third in peach bloom with pearl buttons. The bride's dress, wholly shadowed by all this magnificence, is not even named. Mrs. Vanderbilt tells of a Flatbush bride of the last century who was married in a fawn-colored silk over a light blue damask petticoat. The wedding waistcoat of the groom was made of the same light blue damask —a delicate and deferential compliment."

AIRSHIP FALLS IN SEA

Herbert Latham Fails in Attempt to Cross the English Channel.

Calais, July 19.—Herbert Latham, the French aviator, after waiting for over a week for a favorable opportunity to attempt a flight at crossing the channel from Calais to Dover, made a start this morning, but after covering about sixteen of the twenty-seven miles, and while at a great height, the motor failed and the machine fell into the water. The French torpedo boat destroyer Harpon was close at hand and rescued both Latham and his monoplane.

Latham's start was made from the top of the cliff at Sangatte and under propitious circumstances. A stiff breeze which was blowing yesterday subsided at dusk and the clear, starlit night indicated that perfect conditions would prevail at daybreak for the long-delayed attempt to cross the channel.

Anticipating an early start, M. Latham slept in a shed of the old tunnel works at the foot of the cliff where the monoplane was housed, while M. Lebavasseur, the Associated Press correspondent and the constructor of the machine, who was to give the signal when the start was to be made, slept on board the destroyer Harpon off Cape Gris-Nez.

Claps Hands with Joy.

At the first streak of dawn M. Latham came out of the shed clapping his hands with joy at the sight of the smooth sea. The sky was overcast, but the wind was hardly perceptible. A few minutes later a gun fired on the Harpon confirmed the daring aeroplanist's opinion that conditions were right.

While the monoplane was being taken out and pushed to the top of the cliff a crowd of several thousand persons assembled to witness the start and the entire population of the neighboring villages lined the shore below. Latham was in high spirits as he carefully inspected every part of the machine and on making several trials with the eight-cylinder motor found the machine perfect. There was a wait of an hour until the torpedo boats and tugs, strung out in a line towards the horizon, took up their positions.

Finally, all was in readiness and the monoplane was pushed back 200 yards from the crest of the cliff, which has a precipitous fall of 200 feet to the sea. Latham was clad in a knickerbocker suit and had donned a life preserver. He showed no signs of nervousness as he shook hands with his friends on mounting the saddle. "Start the motor," he cried to his assistants, and then with a nod of his head and the words, "See you in Dover," threw the starting lever off, the machine running along the ground with increased momentum at every turn.

Heads for English Coast.

Just before reaching the edge of the cliff the aeronaut touched the horizontal lever, and the machine, with its white outstretched wings rose gracefully and sailed out over the shining waters amid a roar of cheers from the cliff and shores. The monoplane, after leaving the cliff, ascended gradually until it probably was 300 feet above the sea. Then, straight as an arrow, it continued its flight towards the English coast, apparently under perfect control, at a rate of about 35 miles an hour. The back-hulled destroyer kept almost abreast under her aerial companion, and at the end of fifteen minutes both disappeared in the haze on the horizon.

At 10 o'clock the group of anxious friends discerned the speedy destroyer heading into the harbor again and it soon became evident that the aeroplane was in tow. Signals announced that the venturesome aeronaut was safe and when he came ashore he was found to be uninjured.

The monoplane had dropped into the water some 16 miles from the French coast, or shortly after it disappeared from sight to Sangatte. When picked up the machine was still floating and Latham was sitting calmly in his seat smoking a cigarette.

HELPLESS IN MID-AIR

Amateur Unable to Guide Curtiss Aeroplane.

New York, July 19.—A frightened amateur, sitting like a wooden man, went up at dawn yesterday in Glenn H. Curtiss' aeroplane, which hovered a moment in midair and then crashed to earth.

The beautiful craft in which Curtiss made his remarkable flight was badly wrecked, and the would-be aviator was lifted unconscious from the twisted frame, his left arm broken, his left thumb dislocated, his body bruised and his brain reeling.

The accident occurred on Hempstead Plain, Mineola, where Curtiss has been giving demonstrations for the New York Aeronautic society, to which he recently sold his aeroplane for $5,000. It was a member of the society, Alexander Williams, 42 years old, who was injured.

While Williams had driven many an automobile, is familiar with gas engines, and is somewhat of a machinist, he seemed to lose complete control of himself as the aeroplane soared upward and when it had attained a height of thirty feet the craft careened sharply to the right, swooped toward the earth, and striking on end, turned completely over and then rolled on its back.

Williams remained pinned to his seat until lifted out. He was delirious as a physician bent over him, and muttered that some one had collided with him in the air.

His attempted flight followed a successful one made by Edward Foster Willard, of New York city, also a member of the New York Aeronautic society, who remained in the air for twenty-eight seconds, making a short flight at an average height of twenty feet.

Curtiss then took the machine and made a beautiful flight back to the starting point, cutting several sharp turns and ascending at one time for more than a hundred feet, then shooting swiftly downward until he was only thirty feet above the earth.

STORK COMES TO ANNA'S AID

Princess de Sagan Can Leave Fortune to Youngest Son.

Paris, July 16.—The Princess de Sagan, formerly Anna Gould, and once the wife of the Count Boni de Castellane, yesterday gave birth to a son in her palace in the Rue du Malakoff.

The birth of a son to the princess gives her a great advantage in her warring with her former husband, Boni, over the children by the first marriage. If the count persists in trying entirely to estrange the children from their mother she may leave all of her fortune to her son by de Sagan, the will of Jay Gould having provided for the mother's choice in selecting an heir from among her children.

The prince and Mme. Gould were married in July of last year.

RHEUMATISM

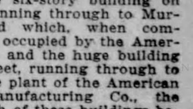
I Want to Send Every Sufferer Who Reads This Paper a Pair of Magic Foot Drafts TO TRY FREE.

Send Me Your Address Today

Write me. I'll send you a $1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan external remedy that is curing thousands, To Try FREE.

FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Sec'y.

No matter where the pain, whether acute or chronic—muscular, sciatic, lumbago, gout—and however stubborn or severe, you'll get the Drafts by return mail. Then after you get them and try them, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send me One Dollar. If not, keep your money, I take your word. I make this unequaled offer because I know what remarkable cures the Drafts are performing—cures after 30 and 40 years of suffering—cures after doctors and baths and medicines had utterly failed. Won't you try them? I am sure you'll be glad if you do, and you cannot lose a penny. Address Magic Foot Draft Co., W.B. 30, Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Send no money. Write today.



DESIGNS BIG BUILDINGS

Women Architects Doing a Flourishing Business in Manhattan.

New York, July 16.—There are three women architects in business for themselves in Manhattan, compared with the 400 or 500 men achitects.

The three women referred to are conducting a flourishing business far past the experimental stage. Each is here to stay. Each occupies offices in a high class office building in a populous business quarter and employs draughtsmen, a typewriter and an office boy to head off unprofitable callers. It is never easy to find any of the three at her office, certain contracts often taking each a good many miles from Manhattan, and when one is found she seems to have neither time nor inclination to talk personalities.

A few years ago women architects were not taken seriously, and with few exceptions the young women who studied architecture looked for work in the offices of men architects. The very few who from time to time started in business for themselves soon gave it up.

Made Poor Showing Then.

Half a dozen years ago even women architects made a much poorer showing than now, for at that time one of the three referred to was just getting ready to start out for herself after three years' work in the office of a well known New York architect, and the two others had scarcely brought their business past the experimental stage. So far as known half a dozen years ago there was not a large building in Manhattan the work of a woman architect. For many years New York men in general showed no inclination at all to entrust women with the spending of large sums of money for them in buildings.

There is a good deal of prejudice along the same line now, but that the prejudice is beginning to die is proved by the six-story building on Park place, running through to Murray street, and which, when completed, will be occupied by the American News Co., and the huge building on E. 16th street, running through to 15th street, the plant of the American Pastry & Manufacturing Co., the achitect of each of these buildings being a woman.

A Troublesome Job.

Part of the Park Place structure, which was an old building, has been rebuilt from the foundation, the remainder being remodeled to meet the needs of the new tenants—a job, an unprejudiced man architect observed, twice as troublesome as putting up a new building.

Club houses and all sorts of dwellings in the suburbs of New York and in neighboring cities, also several buildings at various state and international exhibitions, are set down to the credit of the three Manhattan women architects whose orders have increased steadily in the last five years and who evidently are on the way to make money. Already one of these young women has built for herself a quaint little home near enough to New York to commute daily and set up a chicken yard, a garden, a horse and wagon and an automobile, and her ability for getting on with cantankerous contractors and workmen is as marked as her ability as a designer and colorist. Unlike some other women in the same line of work, she has not found her relations with workmen sufficiently formidable to dishearten her.

"Workmen," said she, "are inclined, I have found, to be perfectly fair to an architect provided he or she shows good common sense, tact and an inclination to be fair with them."

COSSACKS CEASE BOMBARDING

Conditions More Quiet in Capital of Persia.

Teheran, July 15.—The situation in Teheran this morning shows some improvement. The artillery fire has practically ceased and it is understood that Colonel Liakhoff, the military commander at Teheran, has given his troops orders to cease firing.

Rifle fire is still going on between the Bakhtiaris in the service of the shah and the nationalists, but the Persian Cossacks have taken no part in these exchanges for the past two hours.

Yesterday evening the forces of the shah attacked the northeastern gate of the city, but they were repulsed by the nationalists with heavy losses.

THROWS CHILDREN INTO SEA

Mother Fears Cannibalism Among Survivors.

Sidney, N. S. W., July 15.—The survivors of the wrecked sailing vessel Errol, who arrived in port yesterday after having been picked up miles from shore, tell a fearful story of days of privation, without food or water.

One of them alleges that on one of the last days of their helpless drifting the captain's wife threw her children overboard, because she feared that the other survivors, made desperate, might be driven to cannibalism.

SUBMARINE SINKS, 13 ARE DROWNED

Cromer, England, July 15.—The British submarine, designated as C. 11, was sunk last night by the cargo steamer Eddystone, at a point four and a half miles northwest of the Haisborough lightship. Thirteen members of the vessel's crew went to the bottom with her, and only three were saved. Lieutenants Brodie and Wilkins are among the survivors. The third man probaby was a sailor.

The cruiser Bonadventure, with a flotilla of eight submarines, was proseeding in a southerly direction when the Eddystone ran in among the vessels and collided with C. 11. The submarine was badly stove in and went down immediately. With the exception of the three men mentioned, the crew did not have time nor opportunity to save themselves.

The submarines C. 10 and C. 17, in endeavoring to avoid a collision with the freighter, ran into each other. C. 17 was damaged, but there were no fatalities on board either craft.

Battleships and cruisers, with ample salvage appliances, were signalled for and reached the scene in the course of the morning. C. 11 lies in fifteen fathoms of water. Wire hawsers already have been passed under her and it is hoped that she can be raised at once.

FORESEES TARIFF CUT

Senator Burton Says Scale Will Be Lower.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Cleveland, July 20.—Senator Burton, home for a brief visit, declares the tariff bill, when finally adopted, will provide for a decided cut.

"As regards the pending tariff bill, no one knows just what its provisions will be until there is an agreement in conference," he says. "While no measure of this kind can give general satisfaction because of the clash of selfish interests and the failure to meet widely divergent theories, I think the bill will give general satisfaction when it is tried.

"There was an equal degree of unfriendliness to the action of congress when the McKinley bill was passed in 1890, also when the Wilson-Gorman bill was enacted in 1894. The dissatisfaction over the Dingley bill in 1897 was somewhat less.

"The question which has most disturbed me has been the duties on raw material. Some items have been placed upon the dutiable list which were not there before, such as the ores of antimony, tungsten and zinc. I regard these duties as a backward step, though it is possible new fields will develop under the stimulus of a tariff.

"There is the usual amount of misapprehension, and I may say misrepresentation in regard to the pending tariff bill. Reports have been widely circulated that it would cause an increase in the price of woolens, of hardware and of shoes. As regards woolens, the duties are almost exactly the same as in the existing law. As regards hardware, there have been very material cuts in the duties on almost every form of iron and steel. As regards shoes, the duties have been lowered. I hope for the removal of the duty on hides. If there is an increase in the price of these articles, it is not at all due to any tariff legislation.

"In some respects I prefer the house bill and in others that of the senate. The house bill contained duties on gloves and hosiery which I hope will not be adopted. The senate lowered these to the existing rates.

"When the bill is finally completed I shall be disappointed if substantial reductions do not appear. The present indications point in that direction."

TWO DEAD—TWO MAY DIE

Misunderstanding of Orders Cause of Train Collision.

Kalamazoo, Mich., July 16.—A northbound passenger train on the Chicago, Kalamazoo & Saginaw railway collided head-on with a southbound freight one-half mile north of Schultz Station, yesterday afternoon. The engineer and fireman of the passenger train are dead and the engineer and fireman of the freight are probably fatally injured.

The dead are: Melvin Meade, engineer, and Seth Chandler, fireman, both of Kalamazoo.

The injured are Fred Kruse, engineer, and John Milbeck, fireman, both of Kalamazoo.

The accident is believed to have been caused by a misunderstanding of orders.

150 MILES BY ELECTRICITY

$13,000,000 to Be Spent on Biggest Venture of Kind.

New York, July 15.—It is said here that orders amounting to $13,000,000 for the electrification of the Sacramento division of the Southern Pacific railway, a project that nas been under consideration for some time, will be placed as soon as a cable of authorization, now expected hourly, is received from E. H. Harriman, abroad for his health.

The Sacramento division is 140 miles long, nearly double the length of the longest stretch of trunk line now operated by electricity, the New Haven division of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad.

Steep grades, heavy snowfall and many snowsheds and tunnels have always hampered steam locomotives in the haul from Reno, Nev., to Sacramento, Cal.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, STRENGTH-GIVING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

GREECE IS SHAKEN

Quake Does Much Damage in the South.

London, July 16.—Special dispatches received here from Athens say that many persons were killed or injured by the earthquake that occurred yesterday in the province of Ellis, in southern Greece. The damage to property also was very great. Hot water is flowing today from the many of the springs in the stricken district, while the waters in the rivers and brooks have turned a reddish color.

The earthquake demolished 400 houses in the village of Havari, in Ellis province. Thirty persons lost their lives at this point and a number were injured. Neighboring villages suffered greatly from the material point of view. All the houses of Amalaiva were rendered uninhabitable. The shocks were felt at Patras, Prygos, Lalamas and Tripoli, but outside of Havari only a few deaths or injuries have been reported. Valconic upheaval is said to have occurred at the village of Ponhioti.

YANKEE CUTTER CAPTURES JAPS

Seward, Alaska, July 15.—The United States revenue cutter Perry today seized the Japanese sailing schooner Tako, with eighteen men, while they were killing seals within three miles of the Probyloff islands. The Taki and her crew were taken to Unalaska.

CHRISTIANS GET RELIEF

Moslems Are Ordered to Treat Them Well Hereafter.

Constantinople, July 16.—The grand vizier has ordered the Sheikul-Islam to prepare a manifesto for general distribution, demonstrating, by the text of the Koran and traditions, that it is the duty of all good Moslems to treat Christians with justice and to regard them as fellow citizens with equal rights. This action has caused a renewal of Armenian confidence in the government.

The ex-governors of Adana and Djebell have arrived at Adana under a strong secret escort. Twenty other leading Moslems of Adana have been arrested and will be court martialed.

PERSIAN RULER SEEKS REFUGE

Act Is Believed to Be Equivalent to Abdication.

Teheran, July 16.—The fact that the Shah of Persia this morning took refuge in the Russian legation here is accpted as tantamount to his abdication of the throne, and arrangements already on foot to organize a provisional government and administer the affairs of the empire pending the appointment of a regent.

It is probable that the successful revolutionists will choose Mahammed Ali, the ex-ruler's son, to rule the state. Mohammed Ali is a minor and will be under a regent. It is possible that the uncle of the dethroned shah, Zill Es Sultan, who is at present in Europe, will be given this post.

JOHN D. WINS LONG FIGHT

Finally Ousts Innkeeper Who Resisted Him.

Tarrytown, N. Y., July 15.—John Melin, Sleepy Hollow saloonkeeper, has given up his battle against John D. Rockefeller, and he will sail Saturday for Sweden.

The battle between Melin and the oil king has been a long and bitter one. Yesterday every fixture in his place was removed and his inn was closed. Melin will bid goodbye to Sleepy Hollow. It is generally admitted that Mr. Rockefeller is the buyer of the place.

Melin made a good fight, but when Rockefeller engineered it so that his customers were taken away because they had to move out of Briggsville, which Mr. Rockefeller had bought up, Melin knew that his business end was near.

ROYALTY HAS REUNION

King, Czar, Two Queens and Two Empresses Have Gathering.

St. Petersburg, July 16.—King Frederick, of Denmark, accompanied by Queen Louise and a royal suite, arrived at Peterhoff yesterday on the Danish royal yacht Daneborg. They were met by Emperor Nicholas, the two empresses and the queen of Greece, and were greeted heartily.

The visit of King Frederick, which will last about one week, is a family affair. No general festivities have been arranged, excepting a review of the troops at Krasnoe-Selo, and there may be a diplomatic reception at the winter palace.

MRS. EDDY 88 YEARS OLD

Founder of Christian Science Is in Splendid Health.

Boston, July 16.—Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, founder and leader of the Christian Science denomination, passed her 88th birthday today at her residence on Chestnut hill. According to custom, the anniversary passed without any particular observance. Members of Mrs. Eddy's household said that "The Mother," as she is known by her followers, was in splendid health and was attending to her affairs with her usual vigor.

AVIATOR WINS $2,800 PRIZE

Calais, July 14.—M. Bleriot, one of the French aeroplanists who is planning to fly across the English channel, yesterday won a prize of $2,800 offered by the French Aero club, by sailing his aeroplane across country from Etampes to Orleans, a distance of twenty-five miles.

The time limit for the flight was 6 hours, but Bleriot made the distance in 56 minutes 10 seconds, elapsed time. This included a stop of eleven minutes near Toury to examine his aeroplane.

The aviator came down at the feet of the official timers. His descent was rather rapid and the propeller of his machine sustained slight damage in the maneuver. His average altitude for the trip was one hundred feet. There was no ruling against his making a landing.

HOLD UP ALL WHO COME

Brigands Do Fine Business on the Frontier.

Berlin, July 17.—Brigands held the highway between Augustowo and Lipsk, on the Russo-German frontier, all day Tuesday, of this week, and captured some fifty or sixty travelers, whom they relieved of large sums of cash. Most of the victims were horse dealers, on their way to the annual horse market at Lipsk. It was estimated that a total of $25,000 was taken by the road agents, who are believed by the authorities to be the same men who have committed numerous outrages and robberies throughout a wide district on the frontier.

GIRL CLEARED OF THEFT

But Jury Declares Her Blood-Curdling Story Is False.

Chicago, July 20.—When the jury in the case of Ella Gingles, the young chambermaid, reported last night, they exonerated her of stealing lace from Miss Agnes Barrette, her former employer, but the story she told on the witness stand to the effect that an attempt was made to force her into a white slavery was denounced as untrue. This was the verdict.

"We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty, and we, the jury, further find that the charges made against Miss Agnes Barrette were unfounded and are untrue."

Said She Was Sold.

The basis of the defense made by Miss Gingles' counsel was that Miss Barrette and others had attacked her and mistreated her in the Wellington hotel on two occasions last winter, and that the object of these attacks and of the theft charge was to force her to be sold to an unnamed man in French Lick Springs, Ind. The jury was out seven hours.

Miss Gingles shook hands with the jurors. Juror Thomas Mackey, the oldest man on the panel, said:

"Now, be a good girl, Ella. Go back to your home in Ireland and be a good girl."

Five ballots were taken by the jury. The first was eight for acquittal and four for conviction.

It was announced by Assistant State's Attorney Furthman that the question of whether indictments for perjury would be asked against Miss Gingles would be taken up tomorrow.

Based on a simple charge of larceny of $50 worth of hand made lace the Gingles trial went far beyond the counts of the indictment. The subject of white slavery was drawn into the trial from the start and with it an Arabian Nights tale of outrages was told in detail on the witness stand by the young defendant. Her accusations were aimed at Miss Barrette, Mrs. Cecelia Kenyon, a friend of Miss Barrette, who, before the trial began, died suddenly, and an unnamed man who was an actor in the Lesbian orgies imagined by the defendant.

Told of Past Life.

For the defense, Attorney Patrick H. O'Donnell sought to prove that his client was an innocent girl, who had been shamefully abused by her accusers. Against this contention the state called witnesses from Canada, the former home of Ella Gingles, who testified in contradiction to the story of the defendant concerning incidents in her life in Belleville, Ont.

At one time the taking of pertinent evidence was halted long enough to give Thomas Taggart, of Indiana, former chairman of the Democratic national committee, an opportunity to declare from the witness stand that he had no knowledge of Ella Gingles save what he had read in the newspapers. His name had been mentioned by Ella Gingles as one which was spoken while she was subjected to the imaginary abuse at the hotel. It was made clear that Mr. Taggart had nothing to do with the case.

BULL MAKES LONG SEA TRIP

Ohioans Bring Big Animal Across Atlantic.

Boston, Mass., July 20.—A Scotch shorthorn bull of pure Albino coloring all over and weighing 2,600 pounds, was brought to this port yesterday on board the steamship Michigan, of the Warren Line, from Liverpool.

The animal, considering its size and coloring, is a rarity, and when it was being taken on shore it caused much comment by spectators. While on the way across the Atlantic ocean the bull received careful attention, and was in charge of Alexander W. Ross. It is destined for Carpenter & Ross, at Mansfield, O., but before going there the animal will be taken to Littleton, Mass., where it will remain in quarantine for forty-nine days.

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES

London Is Interested.

London, July 20.—The Times this morning published a four-page supplement devoted to articles on the various aspects of the American tariff and its effect on different countries and trades.

Has a Long Flight.

Chalons Sur Marne, France, July 20.—Henry Farnam made a night flight with his aeroplane, remaining in the air one hour and twenty-three minutes. This beats the French duration record.

Noted Novelist Dies.

London, July 20.—Rosa Nouchette Carey, the novelist, died last night. She began her career as a novelist in 1868. Her works included Robert Ord's Atonement, Not Like Other Girls, Other Peoples' Lives, and the Highway of Fate.

King Wants a Wife.

Lisbon, July 20.—King Manuel is to make a trip abroad in the autumn, and it is understood here that the visit is to arrange for his marriage with Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duke of Fife.

Steamer Boiler Bursts.

Cologne, July 20.—The boiler of the tourist steamer Guttenburg blew up yesterday near Rolandseck, a resort on the Rhine. One stoker was killed and five members of the crew were severely hurt.

Cargo of Percherons.

New York, July 20.—One hundred and fifty-two Percheron horses, valued at $300,000, were part of the cargo of the Atlantic transport liner Minneapolis, which arrived here from London today.

Plague at Trinidad.

Washington, July 20. —Bubonic plague has claimed one victim on the island of Trinidad recently, according to a report received by Surgeon General Wyman, of the public health and marine hospital service, today.

Bad Fire in Little Town.

Masontown, W. Va., July 20.—The most disastrous fire in the history of this place broke out in L. H. Miller's department store on Main street about 2 o'clock this morning, and before the flames were controlled the Hotel Altman and the Fanston and Maddar blocks were destroyed, entailing a loss estimated at $300,000.

Quinine Is Fatal.

Newton, N. J., July 20.—Fifty quinine pills swallowed by John, the four-year-old son of Cecil Drake, caused the child's death in a few minutes. The baby found the pills in his father's pocket and ran with them into the yard and ate them before they could be taken away.

Famous Surgon Dies.

Newark, N. J., July 20.—Dr. Edwin Holden, surgeon, writer on medical subjects and president of the Association of Medical Directors of Life Insurance companies, died yesterday at the age of 71. He served through the civil war and at one time was surgeon on the U. S. frigate Minnesota.

Seven Hurt, Two Dying.

San Diego, Cal., July 20.—Seven persons were injured in a collision between a railroad motor car and an automobile. Mrs. I. L. Hibbard, wife of the general superintendent of the Santa Fe coast lines and her mother, Mrs. Eleanor Hudson, who were in the automobile, may die of their injuries.

Officer Will Recover.

Washington, July 20.—A cable message was received at the war department today from Gen. Duvall, commanding the troops in the Philippines, stating that Lieut. Arthur L. Wilson, 6th cavalry, who was wounded in the encounter with Jikiri, is improving and that his recovery is assured. He was wounded in the neck and arms with bolos.

MEET NEW TROUBLES

Find It a Difficult Task to Push Through Program of President Taft.

Washington, July 20.—The difficulty experienced by the leaders of the house and the senate in getting sufficient votes to carry through a modified form of the President's free raw material program was augmented today through the development of serious differences in the conference room over the larger number of important schedules that have not been disposed of by the conferees.

The conference has given its attention almost entirely to the dutiable list, leaving it to the leaders of both houses and the President to determine the course of action with regard to the free raw material controversy.

The conference committee adjourned until tomorrow in order that the conferees might have more time to look into the questions involved in the consideration of the schedules that are yet unsettled. Wide differences of opinion were encountered in today's deliberations, and little progress was made, although several minor paragraphs were disposed of.

"Progressives" to Meet.

The fact that Chairman Payne was not at the White House conference which was participated in by Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon this afternoon was a subject of comment, but it was declared that this omission signified that Mr. Payne was working in thorough accord with the President and did not need to be called in.

The "progressive" Republicans of the senate who have fought for downward revision throughout the tariff deliberations, were scheduled to meet in conference today to discuss a plan of action, with reference to the conference report when it is submitted to the senate.

It is expected that they would issue a statement at the conclusion of the meeting, at which it had been planned to discuss the President's recent statement of the tariff situation. That portion of the President's declaration, which referred to downward revision of the tariff as he interpreted the Republican platform to pledge was to be the subject of special consideration at the meeting which was to be attended by Senators Dolliver, Cummins, Bristow, LaFollette, Clapp, and a number of others.

Agree to Corporation Tax.

At its forenoon session yesterday the conference committee agreed to accept the senate's corporation tax amendment, but the agreement was not reached until after the provision had been redrafted by the attorney general and many changes had been made. The most important was the reduction of the tax from 2 per cent on the net earnings of corporations to 1 per cent. Every precaution was taken to avoid double taxation by the amendment and the modification adopted in the senate at the instance of Senator Clapp, specifically including holding companies as among those to be taxed, was disregarded in redrafting the provision.

The corporation tax amended will take the place of the house provision for an inheritance tax, which, according to today's agreement, will go out of the bill.

Crane Favors Reduction.

Senator Crane spent an hour with the President and later talked with Senator Aldrich. He endorsed the attitude of the President on the question of reducing duties on raw materials. Speaker Cannon visited the tariff conference chamber immediately after the adjournment of the session and he had a long talk with Senators Aldrich and Crane. The speaker had been at the White House earlier in the day in company with Representative Dwight (N. Y.), the Republican whip.

"A bill will be reported by the conferees and passed by Republican votes," said Mr. Dwight after the conference with the President. "It will not be objectionable to the President, either," added the party whip, who, more than anyone else, knows where the votes to pass the bill in the house are to be delivered.

Senators Form Combine.

Senator Borah stated that if the free raw material program was adopted some of the western senators would be afraid to go home and could not expect to continue to represent their states in Washington. He is thoroughly in sympathy with President Taft's attitude on the downward revision, but declares that it should not be confined to raw materials.

The Idaho senator is authority for a report that there is in process of organization a combination of senators who will be pledged to defeat the conference report if it should provide for free coal and free hides. These men are not concerned over the proposition to place oil and iron ore on the free list.

Circulating about the capitol is a persistent rumor that the President would not be satisfied with free iron ore and oil and reduced duties on coal, hides and lumber. Many senators appeared to believe this report and expressed the opinion that he would insist upon hides and coal being placed upon the free list.

TO REST IN FAMILY LOT

Body of Jeff Davis' Daughter to Be Sent to Richmond.

Colorado Spring, Col., July 19.—The body of Mrs. J. Addison Hayes, daughter of Jefferson Davis, who died at her home here last evening, will rest with the Davises in the family lot at Richmond, Va.

According to present plans the funeral will be held from Colorado Springs residence Wednesday morning, with immediate friends in attendance. The body will afterward be taken to the receiving vault at Evergreen cemetery here, where it will remain until fall, when it will be taken to Richmond.

Special service will be held at St. Paul's church Richmond, the family church, at the time of the burial.

BOGUS BILL FOUND AT LAST

Albany, N. Y., July 17.—One of the most cleverly made counterfeit silver certificates ever discovered in the country found its way into the office of Secretary of State Koenig. This is the first time known that spurious money was ever turned in there, and so unusual was the occurrence that an investigation was made and showed that the bill was one the government officials have been seeking for years.

The bill has passed through thousands of hands and has paid hundreds of grocery bills. It was mailed to the state department by an applicant for a chauffeur's license.

SECRET OF CRIME BARED

Boy Member of Vendetta Tells All Details of Assassination.

Chicago, July 20.—Tony Baffa, an 18-year-old Italian boy, who has been in this country only three years, yesterday confessed in the county jail the murder of Giuseppe Fillipelli, a grocer at 7737 Greenwood avenue, at the same time laying bare for what is perhaps the first time in criminal history the inner workings of those Italian societies known collectively as "The Black Hand," whose business is murder, mayhem, kidnaping and extortion.

The organization to which young Baffa belonged was called by its members the "Loquisto," an ironical translation of which is "The Society of Justice." Its other members, according to Baffa's confession, were Antonio Nudo, Rafaelo Nudo and Pasquale Nudo, three brothers, Joseph or Giuseppe Caro and a man called Ernesto, whose surname Baffa does not know. All of the men are laborers. Their purpose in banding together, Baffa says, was extortion by means of "Black Hand" letters, and there was no crime they were not willing to commit to accomplish their ends.

Baby Is His Buttress.

Perhaps the most striking thing in Baffa's confession, which was made at his own solicitation to Detective Longohardi, the "Petrosini of Chicago," is the merely incidental description that is given of the manner in which Chicago Italians, terrified by "Black Hand" letters, protect themselves from the unseen enemy they know to be haunting them, always ready at their first moment of carelessness to strike from the dark.

For three months Baffa and his confederates pursued Fillipelli. During all that time the grocer never left his home without an ample guard unless he was carrying in his arms one of his infant children. For three months this maneuver baffled his blackmailers, for, hardened as they were, they had a horror of murdering the man in the presence of his own babe, or perhaps of accidentally taking the life of the child. Finally even this scruple was overcome in the minds of the "Loquisto." When Baffa finally shot Phillipelli, the grocer was carrying his boy in his arms and when the grocer fell, clutching his assassin, the little one's dress was stained with his father's life blood.

Was Promised a Wife.

The murder was committed at 9 o'clock on the night of April 12. Since then Baffa has been in jail. At first his fellow members of the "Loquisto" had been solicitious for his welfare, sending him word that they would stand by him, that they would hire a lawyer to defend him and that they would see that he was supplied with money and luxuries in jail.

The activities of Longohardi, however, frustrated these benevolent purposes. The conspirators were frightened off, did not dare to go near the jail and finally deserted their comrade altogether.

For joining the society Baffa had been promised a sister of the Nodos in marriage, he says.

OFFERS HIS BABY FOR DRINK

Man Who Wants to Barter Infant Lands in Cell.

New York, July 15.—Patrick Delahanty, of New Rochelle, walked into the barroom of Philip Brady, at 117th street and 3d avenue with an eleven-months-old girl in his arms. Delahanty offered the baby to Brady in exchange for a drink or as a gift.

She was a nice baby, but Brady didn't have any definite idea how he was giong to take care of her. Nevertheless he felt that she should be taken away from Delahanty, who was far from sober. Policeman McGowan was called.

He took Delahanty and the baby over to Magistrate Finn, in the Harlem court. The child was sent to the Gerry society and Delahanty was locked up to sober off.

TRUST MAY PLEAD GUILTY

Big Sugar Men Hope to Cut Down Penalty.

New York, July 17.—It was reported here today that trial of the indictments against the American Sugar Refining company and its officials might be avoided through pleas of guilty being entered by the defendants.

All the defendants arraigned pleaded not guilty recently, but a change in the plea, it was intimated today, might be made in the belief that, if accepted by the government, a minimum fine of $5,000 would be the only penalty demanded of each defendant. Should convictions after trial be had, a fine of $5,000 on each of fourteen counts in the indictment against each defendant would be possible.

The indictments charged violation of the Sherman anti-trust act.

WILL SAIL TO THE ORIENT

Pacific Fleet's Itinerary Is Being Planned.

Seattle, Wash., July 17.—The itinerary of the Pacific fleet for the next ten months is being planned by Rear Admiral Uriel Sebree, and includes a voyage to the Orient and return to the Pacific coast navy yards next summer.

The first and second squadrons will rendezvous at Seattle August 18, and August 28 will proceed to San Francisco for ammunition and supplies. They will sail for Honolulu about September 5 and continue across the Pacific to Manila bay. The fleet will visit various Chinese and Japanese ports until the latter part of next February, when it will return to this coast for target practice at Magdalena bay.

BARGAINS FOR SURRENDER

New York, July 17.—The unusual case of a man charged with homicide bargaining for his surrender to the officers is progressing at Newark, N. J., where Pietro de Marco is wanted on a charge of killing Mrs. Jacob Raub.

Two bullets fired at Mrs. Raub's daughter, because she refused to marry de Marco, killed the mother.

Two friends of de Marco have employed a Newark attorney, who is authorized to guarantee the surrender of de Marco providing the state officers and the court signed an agreement not to send de Marco to the electric chair. The offer has been refused, although negotiations along another line are progressing.

PLAN AID FOR ALIENS

Immigration Officials Try to Stop White Slave Traffic.

Special Telegram to The Blade

Washington, July 20.—The department of commerce and labor, bureau of immigration, hopes that within a short time the white slave traffic, about which there has been much agitation, will be stamped out.

The department plans many improvements in the manner of receiving aliens into the country and in the deficiencies bill, which the house is now considering, it asks for appropriations.

There has been, in the past few months, much activity in the investigation of white slavery. The department has put additional agents to work in New York. The agents are on the lookout for the men who seek to decoy young girls. They follow those girls to their destinations. If the place at which the girls arrive is of suspicious character the girls are brought back to the station.

One section of the deficiencies bill, not yet reported, reprovides for the improvement of the immigration service. Twenty thousand dollars is asked for medical, surgical and other equipment and hospital findings at Ellis island. One hundred and one thousand dollars is wanted for the installation of proper electrical equipment.

Herbert A. Stevens, private secretary to Secretary Nagel, said today that new stations were being planned for Boston and Philadelphia. In these there will be more commodious hospitals for arriving sick aliens. It is also planned to expend $65,000, if congress is agreeable, for dredging new channels at points at which aliens arrive.

Mr. Stevens denies rumors that aliens were being improperly treated upon their arrival at Ellis island. He said that commodious quarters were given them and that they were treated as well as possible in the circumstances.

The Week in Congress

Tuesday, July 13.—Senate—The senate was in session twenty minutes today, adjourning at 12:20 until Friday. The major portion of the time of the sitting was devoted to a discussion of the unanimous consent agreement not to transact any business while the tariff conference is in progress. Senator Carter tried to have passed a bill pertaining to the affairs of the District of Columbia on the ground that the bill was "such a little one" that no one could result from its passage. But Senators Hodges and Culberson, standing guard over the interests of the two sides of the chamber, objected and thus prevented action.

The house was not in session today.

Friday, July 16.—Senate—The senate was in session only eighteen minutes, adjourning at 12:18 p. m. until Tuesday. In addition to the swearing in of Senator Clay, of Georgia, the business consisted of the presentation of petitions and the introduction of bills of minor importance.

House—Feverish excitement over the baseball game scheduled today between teams representing the Democratic and Republican sides of the chamber was responsible for a short session of the house. Chairman Tawney's desire was to conclude consideration of the urgent deficiency appropriation bill, but strenuous pressure was brought to bear upon him and the speaker caused them to agree to let the bill go over until Monday. The only action of importance in connection with the deficiency bill was the striking out of the appropriation of $30,000 for participation by the United States in the Brussels exposition. The house adjourned until Monday.

Monday, July 19.—House—Having gotten over its baseball "spree" of last Friday, the house today transacted a general assortment of business. It began by passing an omnibus bridge bill, then listened to an apology by Mr. Hobson, of Alabama, for having last February made some uncomplimentary statements about Ambassador O'Brien at Tokio and further considered the urgent deficiency bill. There were several lively tilts, one of which culminated in an announcement by Mr. Macon, of Arkansas, that he would resign his seat if it could be proved that he was a legislative obstructor. The most serious discussion centered about Francis J. Heney, special assistant to the attorney general. Chairman Tawney, of the appropriations committee, made the statement that Mr. Heney had received during the last year $23,000 for services he did not render. With the urgent deficiency bill still pending, adjourned until noon tomorrow.

The senate was not in session today.

TRY TO BOOST PRICES

Powerful Clique in Control of Stock Market.

New York, July 19.—Henry Clews' weekly financial review says: The effort to force the stock market to a higher level was renewed this week with a vigor which showed that powerful and skilful manipulators are now in control. The question is will they succeed? It must be admitted that circumstances in many respects are much in their favor. Money is cheap and plentiful. Business, though not yet up to the normal in volume, is steadily improving. The crop outlook, except for cotton, is very satisfactory; and, as everyone knows, our farmers are confidently looking forward to another very profitable season. Even cotton is likely to do better than now feared, because damage reports have unquestionably been exaggerated, and there are at least two months for possible recuperation.

Confidence generally in business circles is strong. The spirit of hopefulness prevails nearly everywhere, and all the influences at work are such as would naturally tend to discourage the selling of securities. At the same time there is an element of weakness in the situation that is generally overlooked. The big holders have plenty of securities for sale, and more are coming in large amounts. Some big operators are anxious to sell to realize the handsome profits now offered. Their only difficulty is want of buyers. Both the public and investors generally apparently are difficult to tempt at these figures; and it is noticeable that the market often declines on good news from expected heavy selling, making the average buyer exceedingly cautious, and properly so.

There is no question but that values are excessively high. In many cases quotations are above the highest existing before the panic; and no one pretends that business, although better than a year ago, has resumed normal activity. At present many stocks are yielding very small returns on their market values, and if dividends do not go up prices must eventually go down. A setback in business, an important injury to the crops or a sharp advance in money rates would quickly incite a sharp reaction. Fortunately, these events are more in the range of possibilities than probabilities, though there is every chance of money working firmer than the usual crop and business demands begin.

The big leaders have evidently concluded that the only way to get rid of their stocks is to create a more active market. By such means it is calculated that a good distribution can be effected at handsome profits to holders. This may broaden the market and bring in a much needed new buying element. There is plenty of money seeking investment; it is the inducements which are scarce, and the speculative spirit has not been aroused.

AMERICAN HOG EULOGIZED

Praises Come From the Sunflower State.

The discovery of what is believed to be the long-sought corrective for hog cholera is bound to prove of the greatest interest in the United States, and especially in that large part of the country known as Kansas City's territory, says the Kansas City Star. For in that district designated by the rural correspondents as "these parts," the hog bears an important relation to the financial and social welfare of the people. Every particle of his makeup, from his tender snoot to the graceful curl in his tail, has been found to possess nutritive worth. There is no waste material in all the plans and specifications that form the perfect hog, and viewed from the standpoint of commercial value he is fair to look upon.

As a factor in the development of the great southwest territory, the hog has been the mainstay of the people. Of his own volition he never shirked the obligations of the pioneer, whose duty it was to "blaze the way" for the march of empire across the frontier. When the grasshoppers invaded the land and devoured the substance thereof, the hog met the emergency by growing fat upon the rapacious insects and was ready for the market when the time arrived. He survived the hot winds and the drouth that withered and blighted the wheat and the corn. When thrown upon the stern alternative to "root hog or die," he refused to lose courage—and lived. Thus the struggling "sovereign squate" were provided with their meat in season, and when they had no crops to sell they were always able to market a sufficient number of hogs to supply the family with the actual necessities of life.

It is high time that such a benefactor to the race should receive the attention of the scientists and the medicine men to protect him from the pestilence that has made him the particular object of its attack and thereby robbed the the country of a fruitful source of wealth and the people of valuable and delectable nourishment.

The science of therapeutics is by no means debased when it is employed to maintain in health and vigor the only variety of the American hog whose multiplication is in the interest of the people and of a proper equilibrium of the blessings of life.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., July 20.—For a month or two affairs in the wheat market will be governed largely by the movement from the new crop. Today's arrivals being somewhat more liberal, the general situation appeared somewhat weaker. Weather has continued favorable for harvesting and lower cables aided selling interests. With the exception of Germany and France, European wheat countries report favorable growing and harvesting conditions. Russia's outlook is especially brilliant. Toledo July opened ⅝c lower at $1.19¼, September ⅝c off at $1.13¼, December ⅝c advanced at $1.12⅝ and May ¼c off at $1.12¼. July was stronger in the first half hour, but the other options remained about steady.

With the advent of reports indicating rust weather in the northwest, futures became firm late in the day. Realizing sales caused weakness in July. Cash wheat was hard to sell in the local market. Toledo received 3 cars of new wheat, of which one was marked No. 2 red and the remainder sample. Seven cars of No. 1 hard spring wheat also arrived. Cash closed slow at $1.21 bid, July ⅝c off at $1.19, September ⅝c off at $1.13⅛, December ¼c up at $1.13⅛ and May ⅛c up at $1.16⅞. Liverpool closed ⅛d to ¼d lower.

Light corn receipts and good demand caused a firm market and higher prices. July opened steady at 73c, September unchanged at 69⅞c, December ⅛c up at 57⅛c and May ⅛c up at 58c. The two remote months showed a rising tendency early in the session.

Corn was steady during most of the day on buying by the Bartlett-Patten crowd. Cash and July closed at 74c, September at 70⅝c, December at 57⅞c and May at 58⅞c.

Oats was weakened by poor demand and continued good crop reports. There were no changes at the outset, but during the early part of the day values were consistently lower.

Cash oats closed at 51½c, July at 49c, September at 42c, December at 43¼c and May at 45c.

In clover seed there were no variations either at the outset or during the initial half hour, cash being quoted at $8.55, October and December at $7.00 and March at $7.10.

In clover seed strength developed late in the session. Cash closed 5c up at $8.60, October and December 2½c higher at $7.02½ and March steady at $7.10.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close July 20.	Close July 19.
Cash	....	....	....	1.21	1.28
July	1.19¼	1.19½	1.18¾	1.19⅝	1.25
Sept	1.13⅝	1.13⅝	1.13	1.13½	1.12⅞
Dec	1.12⅞	1.13¼	1.12½	1.13⅛	1.12½
May	1.16¾	1.17	....	1.16⅞	1.16½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	74	78
July	73	....	....	74	73
Sept.	69¾	....	....	70⅝	69⅞
Dec.	57¼	....	....	57⅞	57⅛
May	58	....	....	58⅝	57⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	51¼	52½
July	49¼	....	....	49	48½
Sept.	42	....	....	42	42
Dec.	43	....	....	43¼	43
May	44½	....	....	45	44⅞
Clover Seed—					
Cash	6.55	....	....	6.60	6.55
Oct.	7.00	....	....	7.02½	7.00
March	7.10	....	....	7.10	7.10
No. 3....	....	....	....	6.00	....
Rejected	....	....	....	5.15	....
N. E. G..	....	....	....	5.15	....
Rye—					
No. 2....	....	....	....	81	82
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.00	2.00
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.90	7.80
Aug.	....	....	....	8.20	8.10

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	1.18	1.18½	1.16¾	1.17⅝	1.18⅝
Sept. ..	1.10⅝	1.11⅝	....	1.11½	1.10⅝
Dec.	1.07	1.08⅝	....	1.08¼	1.07⅛
May	1.10	1.11⅛	1.10	1.10⅞	1.10⅜
Corn—					
July	70¼	71⅞	70¼	71⅜	70⅞
Sept. ..	65⅞	66⅞	65⅝	66⅜	65⅝
Dec.	56	56¾	....	56⅝	55⅞
May	56⅝	57½	....	57⅜	56½
Oats—					
July	45¼	46	....	45⅞	45⅝
Sept. ..	40½	41¼	....	41¼	40⅞
Dec.	41	41⅝	....	41⅝	41¼
May	43¼	44	....	44	43⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	1.31	....	....	1.31	1.32
Sept. ..	1.17⅝	....	....	1.18½	1.17⅝
Corn—					
July	78	....	....	78¼	78
Sept. ..	73⅝	....	....	75¼	73

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	1.11½	....	....	....	1.11½
Sept. ..	1.07	....	.